

COUNTRY LIFE

VOL. XII.—No. 305.

[REGISTERED AT THE
G.P.O. AS A NEWSPAPER]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 8th, 1902.

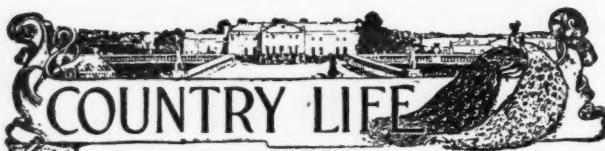
[PRICE SIXPENCE.
BY POST, 6d.



LAFAYETTE

THE COUNTESS OF CARNARVON.

179, New Bond Street W.



**THE Journal for all interested in
Country Life and Country Pursuits**

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EDITORIAL NOTICE.

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HUNTSMEN, AMATEUR AND PROFESSIONAL.

AMONG the many changes which have come to pass in modern fox-hunting, none is more notable than the steady increase of amateur huntsmen. There are ninety professionals and seventy-six amateurs in this season's hound lists. A hundred years ago there was but one gentleman hunting his own hounds in a fashionable country; this was Mr. Assheton Smith, who set the example and created the fashion. Even the great Mr. Meynell, the father of fox-hunting, never carried the horn, but always employed professional huntsmen.

Probably, on the whole, the sport with a first-class professional huntsman is better than with an amateur if we take the season through; but first-class huntsmen are not plentiful. Much of the pleasure of hunting is lost if the man who hunts the hounds is not a sportsman at heart. No doubt there are many men who do their work well because it is their duty and their means of livelihood, but to whom hunting a pack of hounds is a day's work of a very difficult and trying nature. No man who feels thus about hunting will ever reach the highest rank as a huntsman, any more than the man to whom his classics are lessons will ever take a first class at Oxford. There must be an enthusiasm, a delight in and knowledge of sport which physics labour and commands success. Thus a fair amateur is almost always pleasanter to hunt with than a journeyman huntsman. He is keen, or he would not be where he is, and his enthusiasm communicates itself to his hounds and his field, and goes far to extenuate any mistakes he may make.

An intelligent man hunting a pack of hounds corrects his errors by degrees, and with few exceptions the amateur improves more in proportion than the professional. He is, as a rule, more teachable than the servant whose mind is less flexible. It is probably a fortunate thing for fox-hunting that so many men are willing and desirous to hunt a pack of hounds. Otherwise it might often be more difficult than it is to find Masters for packs in the less-favoured countries. To be, or to have been, Master of the Quorn, the Pytchley, or the Belvoir is a position which, with all its cares and anxieties, is a splendid and an enjoyable one. But there are packs, and good ones too, that a man might

hesitate to take unless he was allowed to have the pleasure of hunting the hounds. With this interest added, almost any country is delightful to a man with the health, energy, and love of sport which only are likely to lead him to accept such a position. To the man who carries the horn every moment of the day is full of interest. He knows every hound not only by name, but by disposition. He recognises that each hound has a character, as different from others and as marked as the dispositions of boys in a public school. Some hounds are steady workers, and they do their best to find their fox, working cheerfully through the whole of the covert within their range. When the fox is found the Master's eye will still rest with satisfaction on old Mentor running somewhere about the centre of the pack, never very forward, yet seldom in the rear. Whenever the pace is not too hard, Mentor will throw his tongue religiously at intervals. It is not till this hound and those like him give up trying that the huntsman knows the line is lost. These are the hounds he watches while they are making their own cast, and even if they do not hit off the line immediately, he takes a hint by observing the direction to which these steady ones are leaning. Others there are that never draw well, like men who shirk the rough work of life and take the credit; they avoid the thorns of the covert, but are foremost in the chase over the grass. Then again there are hounds that only are interested when the others are in difficulty; it is as though they knew that their gift of a very fine nose, which enables them to hunt across a sticky fallow or take the line down the hardest road, was not likely to be noticed at prosperous times when the scent is burning. All these points add greatly to the pleasure of the Master and huntsman who sees his hounds working and has learned to know them in kennel. He is well rewarded for the trouble he takes, for the anxious moments he goes through, when his hounds have handsomely found and cleverly killed their fox after a fair run. But be the run good or bad, he has enjoyed every yard; the interest has never flagged for him. The Master's eye has never been off his hounds, and he has known when to help them. This, perhaps, is where the amateur sometimes fails; he is apt to let the moments pass for helping hounds by holding them sharply over a road, lifting them over a scentless fallow, or galloping round instead of through a covert. His very love for them is a snare, and he sometimes lets the chance pass that make a run or mars it. Probably, on the whole, the amateur gains rather than loses in the end by his quietness, his steadiness, his willingness to let hounds hunt, and his abstinence from horn blowing, on which instrument he is not always a great performer. But, undoubtedly, good amateurs are apt to be a trifle slow, and are sure to be accounted slower than they are. Many of their followers can see the opportunity they let slip. The gains of their patience and their perseverance are not noticed. When at length, for one reason or another, the Master and huntsman ceases to carry the horn, he learns for the first time the great disadvantage of having hunted hounds. He will never again care quite so much for hunting.

The first-class professional huntsman has many advantages. He has nothing to think of in respect of money. He has few cares of any kind except those which belong to his position. All his life he has spent in the stable or the kennel. An able man, he has never had his mind distracted and his memory spoiled by reading. He has been able to keep his attention on his work, and, winning success in what is his pleasure, is one of the most fortunate men in the world. Duty and inclination coincide and make comparatively easy the necessary and severe self-denials required by his work. The strict temperance and the long hours of hard and sometimes tedious work are borne for the sake of the results. But behind his saddle too, rides—though on another horse—his particular form of Black Care. This is the Crabber of the hunt—the man who is never satisfied. If there is a hunting run, he says the huntsman is slow, and talks about "Dr. Speediman's pills." If hounds go away quickly, he says that Jim or Tom is always slipping his field, meaning that he—the Crabber—has been left behind. A huntsman in a fashionable country is always crabbed when he is not unreasonably flattered. Yet for all that, amateur or professional, the happiest men in Great Britain will be those who are carrying the horn during the next few months. Nor do we greatly differ from the little boy who, when his mother remarked, "I hope, dear, when you grow up you will be Archbishop of Canterbury," replied wistfully, "Well, muver, if you wish it, but I'd much raver be John Isaacs"; and possibly the present huntsman of the Pytchley might agree.

Our Portrait Illustration.

THE portrait on our first page this week is reproduced from a photograph of the Countess of Carnarvon. In 1895 Lady Carnarvon, who is the daughter of the late Mr. Frederick Charles Wombwell, married the fifth Earl of Carnarvon. Their country residences are Highclere Castle, Newbury; Pixton Park, Dulverton; and Bretby Park, Burton-on-Trent.



WE would like to direct serious attention to the proposal set forth by Sir William Chance, Bart., which will be found in our "Correspondence" column. It is not possible to gainsay his statement that the association he describes is most urgently needed. The condition of things disclosed by the agitation against the bye-laws is simply amazing. After the Local Government Board were induced to cancel the old and bad regulations, some of us were so simple as to assume that the work was done. It was only begun, in point of fact. The local governments had got into their heads the absolutely hideous ideal set forth in the bye-laws, and they are now like a man who has been so long in prison that when the doors are thrown open he does not care for liberty. Mr Till's case has shown the powerlessness of individual action. When one man is pitted against many he must go to the wall. The proposal of Sir William Chance, that all who are interested should combine, is therefore an excellent one, and we hope it will meet with a ready response from our readers. Everyone who takes part in the movement will be helping towards the better housing of the poor throughout the whole of the English rural districts.

With November 1st the serious sports of winter may be said to begin, but seldom does it happen that the country presents so splendid an appearance at this season as it did last Saturday. The moist, warm weather of October has greatly delayed the ruin of the foliage, and the woodlands form a lovely harmony in browns and reds. Usually the elms are the first to turn, but this year they are just beginning to exhibit the earliest tints of decay. But if this pleases the lover of landscape, it is not nearly so welcome to the sportsman. Coverts are still so thick that pheasant shooting is almost impossible, and at the many opening meets that were held on Saturday it was found impracticable to induce Reynard to face the open. Most of the weather prophets have been foreboding a hard winter and pretending to deduce the result from ice movements in the North, early arrival of migrating birds, and so forth, but no practical token of it has yet appeared. On Saturday golf players on some of the Southern links might have been seen in their thinnest raiment.

Lord Roberts did no more than justice to a body which it is too much the fashion to depreciate, when, in presenting the prizes to the Medical School of St. George's Hospital, he called attention to the excellent service rendered by the Army Medical Corps during the late war. He contrasted the awful mortality from sickness in our army during the Crimean War with the official statistics of the South African War. Here are some of the Crimean facts. In seven months, out of an average strength of 28,939 men, 10,053 died of sickness in our hospitals or transports, and of these nineteen-twentieths fell victims to zymotic diseases. In South Africa, whither some 400,000 men went in all, and where the average strength of the army for a long time was 250,000, the total deaths from sickness up to May 31st, 1902, were but 13,750. Roughly speaking, this is an improvement from 34 per cent. to 3·4 per cent., which is colossal; moreover, it goes some way to dissipate much of the sentimental nonsense which was talked about our hospitals during the war. At the same time, it is not to be denied that, even in South Africa, the cases of enteric, as distinguished from the mortality through it, were far more numerous than they should have been.

The Protection of Water Supply was the subject of a very influential deputation to the President of the Local Government Board last week. Four most influential bodies, headed by the County Councils' Association, were the petitioners, who were unanimous in begging that a Parliamentary Commission might be appointed to enquire into the taking of local water supply to the detriment of local interests, the pollution and spoiling of rivers, and the draining of underground water-bearing strata by water companies' deep wells. It was shown that there was a terrible waste of water, as well as an unfair abstraction of it from

local areas for the benefit of other places. Mr. Long did not dispute the serious nature of the complaint. He reminded the deputation that there is a Commission now sitting to enquire into the question of the pollution of rivers, and he promised that if on consideration he thought it well he would support their request for a more general Commission. There is no doubt that a body of attested facts is needed to meet the increasing difficulty of local water supply. Every year sees the situation grow worse, and we trust that Mr. Long will be able to set an enquiry on foot, and to see that it is practical and effective.

Without a doubt the completion of the Pacific Cable is a great event in Imperial history, and the telegrams of congratulation sent to Lord Minto, the Governor-General of Canada, by Mr. Chamberlain from Downing Street, by Lord Tennyson from Melbourne, and by the Governor of Fiji, are no matters of idle compliment. Interesting, too, are the two cables sent round the globe in different directions to Lord Minto by Sir Sandford Fleming. The easterly one took 10h. 25min., the westerly one 13 $\frac{1}{2}$ h. Both are great achievements. It cannot be said too often that improved and, so far as may be, cheap methods of communication, even of news, are the firmest bonds of Empire. Many a rash action, many an impetuous statute even, might be checked if our means of knowing what is going on far away could be improved.

A case in point is the White Australia Act, called, we believe, the Pacific Islanders' Immigration Act, or words to that effect. In the *Times of Monday, November 3rd* (italics are surely admissible in this case to emphasise delay), appeared a letter from the Queensland correspondent, dated September 8th, giving a very melancholy account of the effect of the statute. Even in a year when farmers are being encouraged by bonuses to employ white labour, and when the stagnation following upon drought has produced abundance of unemployed white labour, it seems doubtful whether the harvest can have been handled. What, then, is to happen when the Polynesians are all gone, when unemployed are few, when bonuses are no longer paid? The truth of the matter is that this White Australia cry was never understood in England until it was too late to prevent mischief from being done.

This Sir Sandford Fleming is, like Lord Strathcona, a Scotsman who has done great things for Canada by improving means of communication. If Lord Strathcona's financial genius and courage were the main factors in causing the Canadian Pacific Railway, the great unifying channel of Canada, to be successfully completed, Sir Sandford Fleming's untiring energy and anxiety as chief engineer of the line were of invaluable assistance. He had already helped to join the Atlantic to the Pacific by rail; he has now been the principal father of Pan-Britannic telegraphy round the world. He may well be a proud man this day. But, we read, he dreams also of a day when the twenty-four hours of the day shall be numbered as such, and in Canada it might be a convenience. But, in the Mother Country, it would be rather a bore to be asked to dinner at twenty o'clock.

One of the pleasant sides to the unpleasing adventure of Colonel Swayne's force with the Mad Mullah is that it has evoked the offer of assistance from 2,000 men of South Africa, one half of which volunteer force is to be composed of our very latest and bravest foe, the Boer. It is fortunate that Colonel Swayne's plight was no worse, and the most likely explanation of his unimpeded retreat is that these men of the Mullah who is called Mad are not the fanatics that were under the standard of the Mahdi. The Somalis are a warlike people, but they regard war rather as a game, and the best of games, than as a business of extermination. It is for this reason, and by reason of their independent character and the intensely close bond of their tribal sympathies, that they hardly are to be regarded as likely to make as good soldiers of the Empire as the men of Central Africa. Had Colonel Swayne been allowed a free hand when he had the "Mad Mullah" in "a tight place" a while ago, this present trouble most likely would not have happened. His counsel was all for "going for" the Mullah, straight; but he was overruled, and they "went for" the camels instead, with the result that camels became a drug in the market at eight rupees apiece, and that the Mullah escaped to show method in his madness.

In the death of Mr. Norris, the author of "The Octopus," America has suffered a loss analogous to our own in the death of Mr. Douglas, the author of "The Green Shutters." In the former book there was some strikingly real and unusually interesting character drawing, as in the latter, while the former had the greater merit of dealing with a broader canvas, with a less sordid and grim atmosphere, and with far more "relief"—more light relatively to the shade—than did the very remarkable book that pictured with such terrible reality the life of a Scottish

village or small town. These two young authors, so prematurely cut off, are a grave loss to the literature of the Anglo-Saxon-speaking people.

Those who are interested in the elevation of the stage will have read with surprise the report of a case recently decided before Mr. Justice Ridley and a special jury. A provincial paper had "slated" a certain musical piece. No personal feeling seems to have been alleged. The editor's statement that he had no previous knowledge of the plaintiff was not challenged. Nor does anything personal appear in the notice. All that was complained of was that the criticism had resulted in a very serious diminution of receipts. From the plaintiff's evidence we learn that "one of the most amusing passages was where Angelina (the maid-servant), washed her face with a dirty flannel and water from the water-butt and then, turning her back on the audience, wiped her face with her skirt." Among the musical gems was one called "The purple on her nose." Now it is not our intention to say whether these things are or are not "vulgar," but if a reporter invited to criticise a play came to a very decided conclusion, the decision seems to be that he dare not say it without bringing his paper into court for libel. Bad authors who are for ever writing about the wickedness of critics ought to hail the result with joy. On the same principle they can "have up" the writer of every unfavourable review.

Religious mania is one of the extraordinary phenomena that visit humanity, as plague and fever used to do. It has assumed a new form at Winnipeg in Canada, where the Doukhobors have formed a colony. Five thousand of them are massed in one village preparing for a general pilgrimage "to find Jesus." "They have left their homesteads," we are told, "without confusion, but without settling their affairs, leaving, for instance, in one communal granary a thousand bushels of grain and many sacks of flour, while the pilgrims have but a small quantity of food with them." No wonder the Government feel perplexed. Such outbreaks are more in the way of being an outcome of mental disease than of crime, and how to induce the return of sanity is a puzzle. They have, of course, been common through all countries and all ages, and are as natural to the sunny lands of India as to the bleaker North, and to old Crusading days as to the twentieth century.

THE PLOUGHMAN.

Along the sweep of brown hillsides,
The scent of fresh earth in the air,
With rigid arms the ploughman strides
Behind his stalwart, steaming pair;
The rich, wet mould like water slides
From off the curved, cleaving share.

The stubborn field before him lies,
The clean-cut furrow in his wake;
With low, firm brow and steadfast eyes
He toils earth's wintry crust to break,
While, loosened from grey, leaden skies,
The first snow flutters, flake on flake.

WILFRID WILSON GIBSON.

The French are certainly not a very serious race. Scarcely is the sod placed on the grave of their countryman, M. Zola, than they begin to play pranks with him. It is narrated soberly that at a spiritualistic séance M. Zola's spirit related that it had taken up with that of M. Renan on those fair plains of heaven where the asphodel grows. Of course it is not put in that Pagan and poetic style, but such is the meaning. They unfortunately had no reporter present at this latest journey from this world to the next, and so the conversation is not reproduced; but surely if spirits have the individuality they possessed on earth, Zola and Renan must be living in endless argument. They represent opposite poles of human thought: Zola heavy, clumsy, almost clownish; Renan bright, polished, courtier-like. The curious thing, however, is the persistence of the belief that spirits can be called back to earth at the will of any mountebank or conjurer.

Animals are no respecters of persons—at least, the elephant at the Dublin Zoological Gardens is not. The other day the Lord-Lieutenant, accompanied by his private secretary, Lord Plunket, paid a visit to the Gardens, and on his round stopped to give a biscuit to the elephant. It dropped, and His Excellency stooped to pick it up, when the animal's trunk was quickly passed through the railings, and in a twinkling the Viceroy's hat had disappeared down the capacious mouth of the elephant.

We do not, as a rule, concern ourselves much with the quarrels of our daily contemporaries, but the attack of the *Daily News* on the *Times* has a very unusual importance. The former assailed the good faith of the writer of the articles on "Municipal Socialism," and as many of us have been astounded at the extraordinary facts disclosed, it would have made a difference if it could have been proved that they emanated from the Industrial Freedom League. Of course, the place of origin has nothing to do with the intrinsic value of a statement, but one would scan

it more carefully if it came from an avowed partisan. However, it is evident that the *Daily News* has found a mare's nest, as the writer has shown absolutely that the idea was his own, and sprung naturally from knowledge acquired in a different search. Our Liberal contemporary will therefore do itself, or the cause of labour, no good by flinging mud at the author instead of sifting his evidence. These articles are either honest or not; if they are, our municipal system wants immediate overhauling, and if they are not, they bristle with definite allegations that any critic can test.

November does not often see the uncut grain waving in the fields. This year, however, has brought no harvest-time to the farms lying on the Lammermoor Hills. The grain still stands green and uncut in many of the fields, and as now there is no chance of enough sun to ripen it, the loss to these farmers will be terribly heavy. The corn will have to be cut, but its value will hardly repay the price of the labour expended upon it. The sight of the reapers here and there in the fields on a gloomy November afternoon cutting the green grain while the breeze whistles through leafless trees, is about as melancholy a one as the year has provided in the annals of the farmer.

We all know that the Wild Birds' Preservation Act is very often transgressed without penalty, so much so that we often are inclined to regard it as a dead letter; but there hardly can be doubt in the mind of anyone who has watched the life of small birds in the fields and woods that their numbers have increased considerably during the last few years. Whether this is a direct consequence of the Act may be questioned, but there hardly can be a question but that it must have had some effect in producing that increase. Now that partridge driving is in full swing and covert shooting beginning, the numbers of what the French would call *petit gibier* sometimes are rather confusing when one is waiting in the expectation of seeing larger game.

The mild, calm weather has been very favourable to the gathering of the harvest of the sea. The late autumn is the main season for fishing near our east and south coasts, for then fish approach the shore. The fishing out on the North Sea banks is also at its best. Often the equinoctial gales greatly interfere with the gathering of the splendid yield of the unploughed fields of ocean; but the long quiet autumn has led to splendid catches of fish, which have been landed in prime condition all round our coasts. Thus red mullet, the sea woodcock, mainly a Channel and West Coast fish, have been so plentiful that small ones 6 in. long have been selling retail at threepence each. One day last week 81,494 packages of haddock, cod, plaice, turbot, and brill sold for £3,366. Roughly there are about 10lb. in a package, so the sale price was about one penny per pound of good sound fish.

The last days of salmon angling, as usual, have given the best sport, and the sport with the biggest fish. There are not wanting other fish stories also. Two whales have been seen off Torquay; two sharks have been caught at Great Yarmouth. Of course, the purist will object that a whale is not a fish, but he figures "as such" in most fish stories. The shark of Yarmouth is a bigger fish than its bloat, but does not seem to be a better one. It tore rents in the herring-nets before it could be brought on board and despatched, and when its captors offered it for sale by auction the highest bid was "the ridiculous sum" of 2s. 6d.—for a bottle-nosed shark, too! He was bought in by the captors—the bid not reaching the reserve price—and sent off by train to a destination unrecorded. In South Devon, where they saw the whales, the report of the Exe Conservators would seem to acquit cormorants of very great destruction of salmon smolts. Of 170 killed and autopsied in and about the Exe estuary the majority were found to have fed on young flat fish chiefly. Still, why should the cormorants, and not the human beings, eat flat fish which are well suited for human food?

From the chairman of the Lee Arms Company is published a letter calling attention to Lord Lovat's statement that if he (Lord Lovat) had done anything at all it had been to start the idea of the use of the telescope in the Army, and "that those who had been accustomed to stalking in Scotland knew how very difficult it was for the ordinary Englishman to use the telescope." Hereupon the said chairman says that at the beginning of the war he offered "to arm a regiment, in which there were many good shots, with telescope sights, which, as an old deer-stalker, he knew would place them on an immediate equality with the best men among the Boers." Then, he says, he "saw a young man out of an office, who had never been at rifle butts in his life before, tie some of the best shots at Bisley at the last meeting shooting with the telescopic sight he wanted the Army to have." It is curious, to say the least of it, that this prodigy was not heard of at the time, but he is no argument for the use of telescopic sights on a service rifle. They certainly would not stand the rough and tumble work of active service. Lord Lovat, we conjecture, was talking of the use of a telescope apart from the rifle.

THE RETRIEVER TRIALS.

IT is over thirty years ago since the writer first saw field trials of retrievers, and, indeed, acted as honorary secretary of them and worked a winner as well. It is curious how very similar to those 1870-1872 trials have been the present series, of which that held at East Bergholt last week was the third. In some senses these competitions are unsatisfactory, in others they are not; but as the story of the latest will show, there is a great deal of wasted energy which might, with very much advantage, be conserved on a future occasion. The Retriever Society is lucky in having the most admirable game estates at its service; first, Mr. B. J. Warwick placed his Compton shooting at the society's use; second, Mr. Wall, at Brandon, in Norfolk, was induced to lend a regular Norfolk shooting; and now Mr. C. C. Eley has given the free run of some nine thousand acres of first-rate game land about nine or ten miles' drive out from Ipswich.

There were a dozen dogs entered for Mr. W. Arkwright and Mr. C. S. Cockburn to settle the merits of; and it may be said here that the show retriever men are not giving the kind of support to the trials that sportsmen desire. It is true that some of them have lent their names and subscriptions, but they do not send dogs, although theirs are held up to admiration with private characters for work that

induce many stud fees to be paid. On this occasion there was a stake arranged expressly for show winners—one in which, by the rules, no great stress was to be laid upon breaking, for the



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WAITING THEIR TURN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

object was to discover and reward with field honours natural retriever merit. The stake was to be confined to winners of prizes in a few of the biggest dog shows; but only one such dog was entered, and he one of last year's trial competitors. This was Mr. B. J. Warwick's Sandiway Dexter, also a competitor in the open stake and a very nice dog, but not quite up to the show championship form. It was scarcely desirable, therefore, that he should be glorified into field trial winning form too. This was not to be, for the owners of the treasures longed for voted discretion the better part of valour, and let opinion go against them by default.



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SANDIWAY DEXTER AND MR. B. J. WARWICK.

"C.L."

The twelve competitors were drawn into relays of four dogs each, and in turn these attended the lines of guns which were formed up under the hedges for partridge driving. The work done in this manner was not open to the charge of a severe examination by any means; it was designed expressly to test the steadiness to heel of the retrievers, but in this it totally failed. All of them stood this test bravely enough, but some could not stand the ordeal of walking up game on the following day, which is baselessly supposed to be the greatest test of steadiness. Why, it is difficult to understand, seeing that a dog lying down under the nose of his master is much more in view, and under restraint, than when walking out of sight behind him.

There is a certain amount of different degrees of steadiness when some dogs lie down in front and some behind their masters. In the first



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WALKING UP BIRDS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

[Nov. 8th, 1902.]

drive of Wednesday, for instance, we noticed Sandiway Dexter and Mr. Remnant's puppy Ronah lying in front, while Mr. C. C. Eley's Bergholt Dawn and Captain H. Eley's Sandiway Major both made their masters equally contented by taking up a position behind. It is a curious fact that the two first-named stood the driving in this position, but were turned out for running in when it came to walking up game on the following day. Mr. Remnant's puppy retrieved a bird, but did not come up well to hand here, and Captain H. Eley's Sandiway Major should not have put his master to the trouble of going over the fence with him for a partridge a few yards only on the other side of it. This dog afterwards proved to be the winner, and no doubt he is a very useful dog indeed, but he was helped too much on this occasion; but it can well be imagined that in ordinary shooting his master would not have found it necessary to get over the hedge. Several birds were picked up by the other dogs, but nothing worthy of note was done as yet, except that the fault before noted in *COUNTRY LIFE* was again observed; that is, the retrievers do not hunt for the fall of a bird with a high head, and consequently it takes vastly too long to get forward to the next drive or to move on the line in walking up game. On this subject there may be a difference of opinion, as constantly it is said "Give me a dog that keeps his head down." But, of course, the originator of this remark meant when the dog is rodging. To breed dogs which cannot adapt their head carriage to the circumstances of the case is to aim at breeding rubbish. It would be just as correct to make the desired high carriage of a pointer or setter preclude the ability of rode hunting an old cock grouse as is the *vice versa* policy applied to the retriever. The one parrot cry is acted on and the other is not—therein lies all the trouble.

One of the next four dogs wanted was Mr. Warwick's Compton Countess, who was steady behind and retrieved dead game satisfactorily, a description that applied also to Bergholt James (Mr. C. C. Eley's). Captain W. G. Eley's Dart failed to find a dead bird, which Mr. C. C. Eley's Bergholt Jill, the winning crack of last year, found for her. Jill and Dart, having both failed to find other birds, were given another try at a runner

behind. Marden Nep picked up a bird, and Merlin showed some nose in finding another one. Merlin, sent for a bird in front, remembered a fall behind, and went for her bird with a high head and a distinct display of nose; and as this was clearly a good case of marking, and the only one seen, it caused a regret that the judges saw it differently, and attributed disobedience where we observed memory. Nep then discovered the bird Merlin had neglected for the sake of her marked one. On a runner, first Nep and then Major failed; the latter was least in fault, as being sent afterwards.



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SATANELLA RETRIEVING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

At the end of Wednesday's work, which has only been glanced at in the foregoing remarks, Luster Lena, Bergholt Jill, last year's winner, Bergholt Dart, and Almington Merlin were declared out of the stake, and the other eight were ordered to be up to time at nine sharp the next morning; so we lit our lamps, for it was dark by that time, and found ourselves in Ipswich an hour or so afterwards.

Thursday was devoted to walking up the birds, and they lay well enough for the purpose, in spite of being Eastern Counties-bred and the date being October 30th. The principal tests this time were on running birds, and, as it proved, were trials of steadiness also. Bergholt James was the first to be put on to a runner; this was a cock pheasant, but he made nothing of the line hunting, and dropped on the pheasant by body scent. Mr. Remnant's puppy Ronah went after a hare, and lost his chance thereby. Mr. Warwick's Dexter after previous good work ran in to a falling bird, and put out his chances also. Captain H. Eley's Major got a runner in the best form seen up to that time, and Mr. C. C. Eley's Dawn when sent for a dead pheasant crossed the line of an uninjured bird and roded it out and up in first-rate form; possibly she got a demerit mark for this, but it exhibited natural ability as much as anything seen, and there was no dog at the meeting which seemed able to distinguish between the rode of a wounded and an unwounded bird. When she came back she instantly got the dead one as soon as she crossed the wind of it. In the next field Dawn was again sent for a bird, and again got on the wrong one, and this time without getting it up. Mr. Warwick's Countess, sent to retrieve the former's error, got on to the same running bird and flushed it. Neither dog found the wounded partridge. Satanella failed to get a runner on newly sown wheat, but she soon after found a dead bird well, and then accomplished a bit of rode hunting to another runner and brought it uninjured.

Meantime James had also got a runner very well. Satanella did not manage to retrieve the error and the pheasant of Ronah, and the bird was left behind. Then another turnip-field occupied us a very long time. Satanella first, and then James, failed to get a running pheasant. James was sent for a partridge and flushed others instead, and chased two in turn out of the field instead of answering call. He was distinctly wild here, but afterwards he found the dead bird. Meantime Major,



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MR. C. S. COCKBURN JUDGING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

in the next field, but with like negative results; then Dart did recover a third, but "what a falling off was there!" Bergholt James in this drive wiped the eye of Compton Countess, who retrieved disgrace and a partridge at "the second time of asking."

The third relay of four were brought up to the next driving. Major Harding's Almington Merlin, Mr. A. Bolton's Marden Nep, Mr. J. A. Pledger's Luster Lena, and Captain W. G. Eley's Satanella were these, Lena lying in front of her master, and Satanella doing ditto; the rest were

on the right or the line, retrieved first a dead bird and then a runner. Judging by results, he was distinctly the winner, and the judges gave it so, placing them as follows: Captain H. Eley's Sandway Major, first; Mr. C. C. Eley's Bergholt James, second; Captain W. G. Eley's Satanella, third; reserve, Mr. Holton's Nep; certificates of merit, Dawn and Dexter. Mr. Warwick's special challenge cup went to Sandiway Major, and Mr. Eley's challenge cup for the best puppy to James. Messrs. Arkwright and Warwick's prizes went to James also as the best puppy, the prize for the best-nosed dog to Major, and that for the best-looking one to Satanella, who consequently beat Sandiway Dexter, the only one entered in the stake for show winners, where he had a walk over. Mr. Eley most hospitably provided lunch for a large field each day.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

HARRY FEVERSHAM, son of a Crimean hero, descendant of a long line of illustrious soldiers, born on the day of the storming of the Redan to a mother of gentle soul and of strong imagination, thought he was a coward when he was not; and through tribulation great he redeemed himself. That is the tragedy which underlies *The Four Feathers* (Smith, Elder), in which Mr. A. E. W. Mason takes a firmer grip than ever upon the affections of the world that reads. It is indeed a grand story, told with such sympathy and spirit combined as are rarely to be found in books. To give an idea of it let me begin by an extract from the most dramatic scene of all, the scene, indeed, from which the whole of the action starts and the book takes its title.

"Feversham picked up the ring, and held it in the palm of his hand, standing very still. He had never cared for her so much, he had never realised her value so thoroughly, as at this moment when he lost her. She gleamed in the quiet room, wonderful, most wonderful, from the bright flowers in her hair to the white slipper on her foot. It was incredible to him that he should have won her. Yet he had, and disloyally had lost her. Then her voice broke in again upon his reflections.

"These, too, are yours. Will you take them, please?"

"She was pointing with her fan to the feathers upon the table. Feversham obediently reached out his hand, and then drew it back in surprise.

"There are four," he said.

"Ethne did not reply, and looking at her fan Feversham understood. It was a fan of ivory and white feathers. She had broken off one of those feathers and added it on her own account to the other three.

"The thing which she had done was cruel, no doubt. But she wished to make an end—a complete, irrevocable end; though her voice was steady, and her face, despite its pallor, calm, she was really tortured with humiliation and pain. All the details of Harry Feversham's courtship, the interchange of looks, the letters she had written and received, the words which had been spoken, tingled and smarted unbearably in her recollections. Their lips had touched—she recalled it with horror. She desired never to see Harry Feversham after this night. Therefore she added her fourth feather to the three.

"Harry Feversham took the feathers as she bade him, without a word of remonstrance, and indeed with a sort of dignity, which even at that moment surprised her. All the time, too, he had kept his eyes steadily upon hers, he had answered her questions simply, there had been nothing ajar in his manner; so that Ethne already began to regret this last thing which she had done. However, it was done. Feversham had taken the four feathers.

"He held them in his fingers as though he was about to tear them across. But he checked the action. He looked suddenly towards her, and kept his eyes upon her face for some little while. Then very carefully he put the feathers into his breast pocket. Ethne at this time did not consider why. She only thought that here was the irrevocable end.

"We should be going back, I think," she said. "We have been some time away. Will you give me your arm?" In the hall she looked at the clock. "Only eleven o'clock," she said wearily. "When we dance here, we dance till daylight. We must show brave faces till daylight."



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THE JUDGES AND MR. C. C. ELEY.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

And, with her hand resting upon his arm, they passed into the ballroom."

Here you have the very heart and keynote of the story. Harry Feversham's blood had run cold at thirteen when he listened to his father and his father's old comrades of the Crimea as they fought their battles all anew, as they spoke with wondering contempt of men like Lord Wilmington, who had courage enough to blow out his own brains after he had been "broke"

for cowardice, or the army surgeon who, the first time he was under fire in India, had opened his own femoral artery with a lancet. He had felt that he should do likewise, yet that to be a soldier was his destiny. So, when he came to man's estate, he took a commission, and, while he was on leave from India, won the heart of Ethne Eustace, a beautiful Irish girl who simply knew not the meaning of fear, and they plighted their troth. He had been introduced to her by his friend Durrance, who loved her too. Then came a fateful evening, when he and three brother officers, Willoughby, Trench, and Durrance, dined together, and a telegram was brought in to Feversham. It was from Castleton, who had been dining with one high up in the War Office. It was to say that the Egyptian War of 1882 had broken out; but Feversham said nothing about its contents. Durrance was taking no notice, but Trench and Willoughby, being curious, saw Castleton, and discovered the truth. That very night Feversham sent in his papers and went off to Ireland and his love; and the terrible scene, which has been told in Mr. Mason's words, followed when the spirited Irish girl learned, almost by an accident, why he had left the Service. There was a little jeweller's cardboard box, which came to Feversham by post, and out of it fluttered three white feathers, and under them lay the cards of Trench, Castleton, and Willoughby. A more pitiful scene it would be impossible to conceive.

The rest of the book might well be called "The Atonement of Harry Feversham." His stern father, heart-broken, pays him an allowance, but will see no more of him. Only to Lieutenant Sutch, R.N., who limped from a wound received in the Redan, did Feversham confide his disgrace, and it was from him that Feversham received the idea that, by deeds of derring-do, he might compel the givers of the white feathers to take them back again. For Sutch had studied the boy's eyes when the old Crimean tales were told, and had been sorry for him, and when the crisis came he was bitterly remorseful that he had not interfered. How Harry Feversham retrieved himself, with what infinite patience and what supreme bravery he accomplished stupendous deeds, Mr. Mason tells passing well. But I shall not go over that ground; neither shall I tell how Durrance went blind in the desert, how he wooed Ethne and was accepted when he knew but part of the story, how, when he discovered all, he helped to bring back Feversham to England and to Ethne. This, too, is beautifully told.

But, in the brief space which remains, an effort must be made to estimate the value of one of the most noteworthy studies in psychology and physiology that ever was embodied in an English novel. That conviction in Feversham that he would play the coward in spite of himself when the occasion came was so perfectly natural. His mother, formerly Muriel Graham, and probably of Celtic ancestry, had been the very antithesis of his father. She was beautiful, refined, imaginative; his father was remarkable for personal courage and indomitable self-confidence and for nothing else. She had loved to sit alone looking from a terrace over the wide Sussex plain with Horsham in the distance, peopling the wide and empty spaces with the creatures of her imagination; and her child had been born when her thoughts were with her husband in the Crimea. What wonder that he should fail to understand the frankly stupid courage of his father and his comrades, that he should fear he would never be able to play a man's part as they understood it? Yet Satch understood him, and reminded him, in manner splendidly apposite, of Hamlet. "The same disability is clear

in that character. The thing which he foresaw, which he thought over, which he imagined in the act and the consequence—that he shrank from, upbraiding himself even as you have done. Yet when the moment of action comes, sharp and immediate, does he fail? No, he excels, and just by reason of that foresight. I have seen men in the Crimea, tortured in their imaginations before the fight—once the fight had begun you must search among the Oriental fanatics for their match."

CYGNUS.

IN *For Better? for Worse?* (Fisher Unwin) Mr. George W. E. Russell reprints some papers written for the *Tatler*, telling us in a concluding note that, "If in them I have repeated what I have said elsewhere, I must entrench myself behind the indisputable authority of my friend Mr. Morley, who justified some such 'borrowings from his former self' on the principle that a man may once say a thing as he wants it said, but cannot say it twice." If Mr. Russell had been at the pains to give a reference it would be possible to ascertain whether Mr. Morley did not say what he had in his mind more lucidly than Mr. Russell has said it for him. As matters stand, after making this assumption in favour of Mr. Morley, it is permissible and not in the least difficult to say here something which has been said here before of other books of Mr. Russell. It is that it is too early for a man who was born in 1853 to pose as the old man who is either *laudator temporis acti et censor presentis avi*. Fifty years do not quite make an old man, and this kind of tone is more suitable to three score years and ten than to a middle-aged man. That is one objection to this book, another is that it is very thin in point of quantity, and a third is that, in "*Collections and Recollections*" or in "*An Onlooker's Notebook*," Mr. Russell has already told better many of the anecdotes which he tells here. This is particularly true of the "Five hundred a year and a *tiers*" story, which is here so completely spoiled that, after twisting Mr. Russell's note round and round, this particular "borrowing from his former self" is difficult to justify. Mr. Russell has not many good words to spare for the moderns, except that their political hatreds are not so bitterly personal as those of the ancients were, and it is open to doubt whether he means that for a good word. We are publicity-loving, luxurious, irreligious, superstitious, ill-educated, given to gambling, careless of home duties, and all the rest of it. In fact, the whole book is somewhat depressing, and it would be more depressing if Mr. Russell did not, so often and so palpably as he does, argue the general not merely from the particular but from the exceptional.

Lieutenant-Colonel A. F. Meekler-Ferryman has all the qualifications which fit a man to write *British Nigeria* (Cassell). He is a military man and a barrister, a Fellow of the Royal Geographical and Zoological Societies, he knows the country very thoroughly at first hand, and last, but not least, he can write. Hence comes it that his book really is "a geographical and historical description of the British possessions adjacent to the Niger River, West Africa," written at a time when, owing to political changes, much that he had written on the subject previously was quite out of date. The book may be commended without reserve as an important treatise upon a little corner, and a promising one, of the Empire which was acquired just in the nick of time through the energy and foresight of Sir George Goldie. The chapter on West African folklore is full of interest.

All the literary world was perplexed, and not a few more or less ill-natured things were said, because the principle upon which names of English writers were omitted or inserted in the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* seemed inexplicable. The rule has now been officially explained, and it might just as well have been explained before. Nobody under sixty was admitted to that Valhalla, unless indeed he were dead. There is very little to be said in favour of this purely arbitrary rule, although perhaps there might have been some reason for omitting the living altogether. If any were to be inserted, youth should have been no bar. Mr. Andrew Lang and Mr. Kipling, to quote two notable omissions, are quite as capable of bearing criticism as Mr. Austin Dobson.

It is pointed out as a curious coincidence that, at almost the same moment, Mr. Murray's house in Albemarle Street should have been in danger of becoming a Verkes-Tube station, and Ibsen's house in Christiania should have been desired for an office for the Board of Agriculture. Mr. Murray, it seems, met Mr. Verkes, and a peaceable agreement was come to, which will leave 50A, Albemarle Street undesecrated. It is a house of many memories, not only Byronic ones, and it would have been a pity to disturb the *genius loci*. Dr. Ibsen, on the other hand, is said to have threatened to denationalise himself, and to become German, if his Penates were disturbed, and the Government repented them of the evil. Somehow or other, the *suaviter in modo* of the great English publisher seems preferable to the *fortiter in re* of the Scandinavian dramatist. But the saying, *genus irritabile poetarum*, is always being justified anew.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS.

The Children of Silence, by John Cleveland (Ibsister). Here we have a curious and by no means unattractive mixture of quiet Quakerism and strong melodrama. A good story, on the whole; but it would be a better one if the author knew how to condense or to prune.

Lavinia, by Rhoda Broughton (Macmillan). Miss Broughton's hand has by no means lost its cunning, and in this simple story of two men and a girl she shows her old power of touching the heart, as well as her accustomed sense of humour.

The Ghost Camp, by "Rolf Boldrewood" (Macmillan). Here is another old friend, for Mr. Browne is well stricken in years, albeit still the most cheery of companions at a Sydney dinner party. Gentlemanlike cattle stealers and gold diggers, a "new chum," travelling in search of recreation, who finds a fortune and nearly finds the gallows by sheer accident, and a family of squatters, form the main dishes in this feast of adventure—and the feast is worth eating.

A Pasteboard Crown, by Clara Morris (Ibsister). Miss Morris, sometime an American actress who achieved success, has written before, in the autobiographical form, with good results. This is a novel, with a good deal of theatre in it, and casual invasions of its pages inspire a wish to read more of them in spite of an occasional tendency to grandiloquence, the result, probably, of theatrical training.

Forty Fancies and Seven Songs, by Amelia M. Barker (Ye Olde Saint Bride's Presse). A pretty little volume enough, but the author has not the secret of melody or dience.

From the same last-named "Presse" come two handy little books, *The A.B.C. of Housekeeping*, by Mrs. J. N. Bell, and *The A.B.C. of Cookery*

for *Invalids*, by Mrs. John Kiddie. The first seems to be in parts an eminently sensible summary of domestic philosophy, though it contains some questionable statements, e.g., "Ringworm—that most troublesome affection—can be cured by eating the skin of baked potatoes." That is nonsense, of course, but there are many truths in the book, e.g., that the best brooms last longest, that it is a mistake to borrow if you can avoid it, that blackbeetles should not be encouraged. These truths are in the nature of truisms. Mrs. Kiddie's book, on the other hand, is thoroughly practical, and full of good recipes.

Easily Grown Hardy Perennials, by George Vos, edited by T. W. Sanders (Collingridge), ought to be a useful little volume. The arrangement is alphabetical, the directions given are plain, sufficient, and correct. An attempt to give, and to explain, the derivation of flower names in each case distinctly adds to the interest of the volume, even though it be not always successful. Why, for example, is the wallflower *Cheiranthus* (*Handflower*)? It is desired to guard against the admission that all the derivations are correct.

VILLAGE SHOWS . . .

AND GARDENS.

GARDENING, whether the pastime of squire or villager, has a wholesome and refining influence. A village of gardens is a village of bright and contented homes, for the humble workers in flower and vegetable patch quickly learn to regard the garden teeming with beauty of flower and wealth of fruitfulness as one of the choicest of the blessings bestowed by a bountiful Providence on human kind. The pioneers in the past were mainly the country clergy, who established the cottage garden show, and, being themselves gardeners, set an example that was for the bettering of their flock. This work of interesting cottagers, whether of the suburb or the country town, is one of greater importance than at first may appear. It is one way of getting the people back to the land, and we can record instances of successful cottage gardeners becoming, with increased knowledge and thrifty habits, men of some importance in the world of agriculture.

We were reminded of this question by a successful village show held recently at Great Warley. Miss Willmott, an enthusiastic gardener, is president, and it is due to her enthusiasm and helpful advice that the recent show was more successful than anything of its kind probably through the British Isles. There were nearly 100 classes, and many entries in each, and the prizes were of a character to make success worthy of attainment, and upon so wide a basis is the show conducted that the women and children are encouraged also by rewards of a character to remind them of the blessings of a thrifty and wholesome home life.

The object of this and succeeding articles is to make gardening in villages and the environs of cities a serious recreation, healthy to mind and body, and a source of moderate gain. We were in a country town on the last Bank Holiday. It was the great race day of the year, and to many of the citizens a time for levity and drunkenness. In the borough is a workmen's club, which apparently differs from many such institutions, in having men of sterling worth upon its council who were determined on this race day to establish working men's flower show, controlled by themselves, and forming a counter-attraction to the orgie at the other end of the town. The idea was successfully carried out, and as this Bank Holiday comes round these earnest gardeners proceed to their show and throughout the day enjoy innocent games and amusements.

The flowers, fruit, and vegetables at this show were beyond all praise as the products of gardens which depended on no hired labour or unlimited money to bring them to their high level of cultivation. The finest exhibits of all were made by a local postman—a veritable gardening genius—whose splendid gloxinias and other pot plants ran the non-competitive stands supplied from the greenhouses of the neighbourhood comfortably close.

No one could fail to be struck with the happy demeanour of the family groups who strolled about the show field, and the quiet, orderly content which pervaded the whole scene, or the courteous pleasure with which all classes of visitors were welcomed. Many amusements were provided, while foremost of all the feet of well-trained children tripped to the strains of the local band in the charming old May-pole dance, weaving their ribbons faultlessly under the accustomed baton of the strangest master of ceremonies—a burly old farmer—whose ruddy, beaming face, as he marshalled his troupe of little maidens, was pleasant to see.

Those who have been intimately connected with the inner working of cottage garden shows know only too well the difficulties which beset their successful management, and the trickery which was too often to be encountered and defeated. Difficulties, of course, will arise under any circumstances, but where two or three straightforward working men of the right stamp can be induced to take the lead and the management, these will smooth themselves out by degrees. Dishonest exhibitors will be reduced to a minimum, because public opinion is strong, and in an intimate community of village folk it is hard to deceive. The working men

should in a large measure manage their own shows. In some cases the show or society fails through well-meaning managers who too often are ignorant of the ways of the poor. For it is a fact that we all prefer to manage our own concerns rather than to be managed for. The principle applies to classes as well as to individuals, though there are a hundred ways in which hearty fellowship and interest may be shown by one lover of a garden to another according to their general ability without a suspicion of fussy patronage. Those who are happy in possessing beautiful homes of their own may help forward this good cause, and help wisely and judiciously the neighbour with fewer opportunities to brighten his or her life by the pursuit of gardening. May we not

in truth—to borrow the words lately spoken with other intent by Canon Scott Holland—look upon many a lovely English home with its green lawns and flower-crowned pleasaunces “as a prophecy of all that we have got to do to make the life of the people fair and gracious and honourable; a joy and a praise; transfigured by the passion of corporate endeavour, and aglow with the light of love”?

In our next article we shall consider the seeds and plants for the cottage garden, with full consideration of the means of those who desire to make their homes bright and fragrant with flowers and rich with the wholesome food that comes from the vegetable patch.

FOUR-HORNED SHEEP.

IN the islands of the Outer Hebrides, far out in the Atlantic Ocean, exists a peculiar breed of four-horned sheep. We were told that some of these animals, possessing unusually large horns, lived on an island some little distance from the one on which we had rented a shooting; so, having obtained information as to how we should reach the island, three of us sallied forth early one bright autumn morning in search of the wondrous animals. My two friends armed themselves with a camera each, whilst I took two, one of which was a half-plate magazine camera, carrying a changing box charged with twelve plates. These cameras and a deer-stalking telescope brought the weight of instruments carried by me up to some 30lb. After a two-mile walk we reached a narrow channel, which divided our island from a smaller island. At low tide this channel could be crossed almost without wetting one's feet. We had timed the low tide rightly, and crossed the mud and sand without difficulty.

The next thing to be done was to find a man with a boat to ferry us across a second channel to a larger island, upon which the four-horned sheep were reported to live. The first crofter's cottage contained apparently nothing but a few fowls; at the second the man, who was lounging on the grass with a pipe in his mouth, said that he had not time to ferry us across; at the third cottage the owner said he had no boat, and we were almost in despair, when at length, at the fourth cottage, we found a man who said he had a boat, but seemed very loth to use it. At first he said there was a hole in the bottom of it, and then that the tide was out, and we could not drag it down to the water. Here, however, we begged to differ from him, and, leading the way, we at length induced him to follow us to his boat. Whilst we were busily engaged in hauling the boat down to the shore (no easy task, it must be admitted) we were joined by the man's father, who sat on a large stone smoking some very obnoxious tobacco, and impressing upon us the whole time what a lot of money we ought to give him for so much work. At length the



A FOUR-HORNED RAM.

boat was launched, and, although it leaked horribly, nothing very exciting occurred *en route* across the channel. We cracked jokes, we told funny stories, but in vain; we could not raise a laugh out of the dour Scotchman. At last (in desperation, I suppose) one of my friends, who was rowing, caught a huge crab and fell backwards into the bottom of the boat, where he lay almost upside down in at least two inches of water. We got a faint smile out of our ferryman that time!

Without further mishap we landed on the island, and immediately went in search of a crofter who, we had been told, owned some four-horned sheep. After a very long walk we finally discovered that he lived in a cottage a few yards from where we had landed. When asked where his sheep were to be found, he

answered that they might be anywhere. We took his son, who spoke English, with us as a guide and started to explore the island. After a very tedious walk over flat boggy land we at length reached a small hill, from the top of which we hoped, with the aid of a telescope, to spy some four-horned sheep. There was not a cloud in the sky, the heat was very great, and we were almost done up when we reached the summit of the hill. We searched with the glass for miles. There was not a four-horned sheep to be seen. I suggested to the lad that we had brought with us as guide that he should have a look round, and I told him that should he find a four-horned ram he was to come back quickly and take us to it. Meanwhile, I discovered a four-horned ewe, which I



WE COULD NOT GET AT THEM.

successfully stalked and photographed. The horns of these ewes, however, are very small, and do not show up at all well in a photograph.

After waiting at least an hour we beheld our guide driving a flock of sheep at full tilt in front of him. But, look as I would through the glass, I failed to make out one with four horns. At length he reached us, only to receive a "blowing up" for not doing as he was told. There was a four-horned sheep amongst the flock, but it was utterly impossible to get near him, as he had been so disturbed by the boy, who had driven the flock a couple of miles. After frequent efforts to get near it we were obliged to walk solemnly back after them to the place whence they had started. At length we reached a bright green patch of grass, with some rocks jutting out into the sea. But no, not even now could we approach near enough to get a successful photograph. We stalked them, we crawled at them, we walked as though to pass them, we hid and had them driven past us, but all to no purpose—we could not get near them. At length we drove them on to the rocks jutting out into the sea, and I started crawling on my hands and knees towards them, but the clever beasts got my wind, and away they went over the rocks like a herd of

chamois. Further pursuit was useless; the wily animals had utterly defeated us, and we sat down under the shade of some rocks utterly worn out with our manoeuvres in the sun. Some days after the foregoing events I happened to drive into one of the little towns in the Outer Hebrides, and spied one of the finest four-horned sheep I have ever set eyes on. He belonged to a gentleman in the town, who kindly gave me details about him. The father of this sheep possessed a fine head, but nothing like such grand horns as the one shown in the photograph. His owner would not part with him, as he wished to breed from him, but he very kindly offered me a lamb should the offspring turn out well. The first pair of horns above the eyes in this sheep are the smaller pair, and curve about the face in a very curious manner. One horn just grazes the nose, whilst the other curls round underneath the chin; neither of them, happily, interferes with the animal's feeding. The upper pair of horns are very long and very massive. Altogether, this sheep presents a most striking and uncommon appearance, and is the wonder of the whole island. The excellent photographs of this sheep were taken by my friend Major Anstruther, who kindly gave me permission to have them reproduced here.

C. V. A. PEEL.

WEST COUNTRY HAVENS.—II.

THREE is nothing more detrimental to the thorough enjoyment of a sailing cruise than to arrange a fixed programme, and then endeavour, come what may, in the way of wind and weather, to strictly adhere to it. It is essential, in order to experience the real delights of yachting, that one should be free to come and go as the fancy of the moment dictates. If the morning be fine, or the wind favourable, by all means up anchor and continue your wanderings; but if the weather is unkind, and no set programme has to be carried out, you can stay where you are and spend another day or two in exploring your present quarters. But stay or go, you have your house and belongings always with you, and no packing and unpacking, train catching or railway journeys, harass and annoy the man who is fortunate enough to spend his leisure hours on the sea.

Recently I attempted to describe the beauties and advantages of Salcombe as a yachting centre, and it was with some reluctance that we took our departure. Every day we had heard accounts of the abominable weather that friends in other parts of the country had been experiencing, but Salcombe seems to have been extraordinarily favoured, and bright sun and blue skies were our almost invariable lot. The South-West Coast is generally supposed to have more than its fair share of rain, but a good many years' experience has convinced me that, at any rate so far as August is concerned, the weather there is at least as good as in any other part of these Islands, and infinitely better than on the West Coast of Scotland—that favourite haunt of yachtsmen. Our departure from Salcombe was hastened by a somewhat heavy swell that a strong wind in the Channel sent rolling up the river, and, though absolutely smooth water could have been secured by shifting our berth a little higher up, we preferred to continue our cruise towards the West, and renew our acquaintance with Fowey. With a fair wind, and a lee-going tide, the run of thirty-five miles was covered in five hours, though—as an instance of the uncertainty of sailing—the return journey, a fortnight later, took the whole of a day and the best part of a night! About midway between Fowey and Salcombe lies Plymouth, which, if desired, forms a convenient halting-place between the two. Most yachts anchor either in the Cattwater, which is crowded



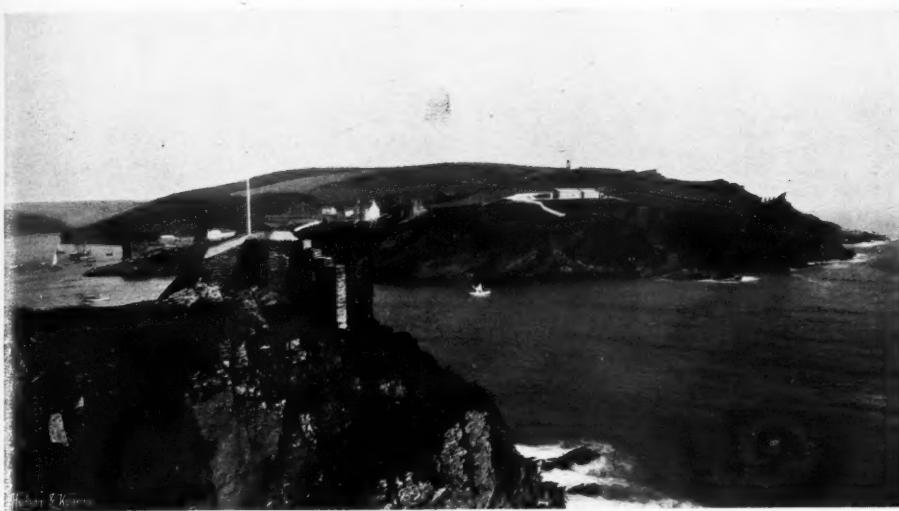
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westerly), succeed one another as mile after mile of coast is skirted, and form a panorama whose beauty and magnificence is unknown and unsuspected by those who never venture on the sea. In our own case, tempted by the fair wind, we steered a straight course for Fowey, passing, off Plymouth, through its still large, though dwindling, fleet of sailing trawlers on their way to the fishing grounds. A number of smaller craft were also making their way to the whiting grounds off the Eddystone, and it was hard to resist the temptation to follow their example, and spend an hour or two with the long lines.

Fowey, like so many of the smaller harbours on the South-West Coast, is almost invisible from the sea, and it would be possible for a stranger to coast along the shore and be absolutely ignorant of its whereabouts till within a few yards of the river's mouth. The entrance is a narrow one, but free from the twists and turns that characterise the approaches to Dartmouth and Salcombe, and unless both wind and tide be against you, it is an easy matter to enter the harbour under sail. On the right is Polruan Point, with the ruins of an ancient church on the top of the hill; on the left lies St. Catherine's Point and Fowey Castle. The cliffs on both sides are wild and rugged, and the coast seems to bristle with rocks and reefs, though the channel is, with one exception, free from dangers. Mundy Rock, which is always covered, lies about a cable's length within the mouth, a short distance from the western shore. Its exact position I have never, perhaps luckily, been able to discover, though I once asked a fisherman, who professed an entire ignorance of its



I. C. Wharton. FOWEY CASTLE AND POLRUAN POINT.

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xistence! Once inside, there is generally no difficulty in picking out a quiet berth, though late in the summer the harbour is frequently crowded with yachts. The usual anchorage is to the right, off Polruan, an old straggling fishing village, but here is deep water for a considerable distance up the river. Fowey itself lies on the west side, and, though quaint and picturesque in parts, seems to have outgrown, in its days of modern prosperity, the charm that endeared it to those who knew it ten or twenty years ago. If, however, we rudely turn our backs on the town itself, with its straggling villas of eccentric design, the rest of the picture is delightful. To the right, between the jagged cliffs that guard the entrance, is the sea, generally dotted with craft of all descriptions, while beyond can be seen the Gribben Head, and even the Dodman, one of the great landmarks for the Channel. In front of us is a wide stretch of water, Polruan Pool, crowded with yachts large and small, fishing craft of all sorts, and an occasional coaster. To the left, Pont Pill, a narrow winding creek with wooded banks, cuts into the hills for nearly a mile. Above Fowey itself the river narrows and bends to the west past the town quays, and then gradually opens out into a magnificent sheet of inland water, that extends right up to Lostwithiel, more than six miles distant. Starting on the last hour or two of the flood tide, so as to ensure an easy return, a delightful expedition can be made in launch or dinghy, for the scenery equals, if it does not surpass, that of the Dart.

Above the town is the famous Place House, whose antiquity, great as it is, pales before that of its owners, the Treffrys, whose history seems to take origin with the legends of the county. The house used to be open to visitors on certain days of the week, but this privilege has lately been withdrawn. The fine old church is well worth a visit, containing, as it does, many relics of the past, including an elaborate monument to one of the Rashleighs, another of the ancient county families. The inscription on the tomb is worded in such quaint language that it will bear reproducing here:

"John Raishleighe lyved yeares threescore three
And then did yeilde to dye,
He did bequeathe his sovle to God
His corps herein to lye.

"The Devonsheire howse yt Raishleighe
height
Well sheweth from whence he came;
His virtuous lief in Foye town
Deserveth endless fame.

"Lanion he did take to wife, by her had children
store,
Yet at his deathe bot daughters sixe, one sonne
he had noe more.
All them to portrahe vnder here, becausse fitte
space was none,
The sonne, whose onli echarge this was, is
therefore sett alone."

There are some delightful walks round Fowey, especially along the cliffs on either side of the entrance. Wild flowers and ferns abound in a profusion that is surprising even for Cornwall, a stroll of an hour round St. Catherine's Point resulting recently in the gathering of forty distinct varieties of flowers alone. Supplies are easy to obtain for

the most part, though here again one meets the extraordinary difficulty of obtaining ordinary dairy produce. I once asked for Cornish cream—west of Plymouth, by the way, it is distinctly an offence to mention Devonshire cream—and was offered instead a jar of exceedingly unpleasant stuff bearing the name of a Surrey dairy!

Fowey, as a rule, is a quiet and pleasant harbour, but a strong southwesterly wind sprang up, and sent in a rather tedious swell through the narrow entrance; so once again we decided to move on. Our departure was hastened by the attentions of two small cutters, manned by very amateur crews, which dragged their anchors all over the harbour in a most inconsequent manner, but showed a curious partiality for the water beneath our bowsprit. Friends on neighbouring yachts prophesied an unpleasant beat up to Falmouth, but

we belied their expectations, and made our next port before dark, after an agreeable though somewhat damp struggle with a choppy Channel sea.

F. P. ARMSTRONG.

THE WROTH SILVER.

THE why and wherefore of the necessity for the annual payments to the agent of His Grace the Duke of Buccleuch before sunrise on the morning of November 11th of certain sums of money, varying between one penny and twenty-seven pence plus a halfpenny, the same being known as "Wroth Money," by the representatives of twenty-eight parishes of the old hundred of Knightlow, is, with other details of this most ancient custom, lost in an obscurity that is no less dense than the atmosphere at the moment the payments are made.

Whether the tribute, which had its origin at a date not more modern than the Saxon period, was due on account of pastureage, in lieu of military service, for maintaining local courts of justice, or as a species of highway rate, is of no great account to-day, for the sum total does not exceed nine shillings and fourpence: indeed, that sum allows of a margin of two farthings over and above the amount demanded. That the custom should be kept up is, however, a matter of considerable moment, for it provides the last and only thread connecting the twentieth century with the long-forgotten rites of the Druids. The trysting-place for the payment of the Wroth Silver, which is paid "before the sun rising" on November 11th, is Knightlow Cross, Ryton-on-Dunsmore, a moorland tract in close proximity to the village of Dunchurch, Warwick, and within very easy cycling distance from either Rugby or Coventry. To this spot, therefore, annually come, whatever the weather, at about half-past six in the morning, the Duke's representative and the various yeomen representing Arley, Astley, Birdingbury, Bramcote, Shilton, and Barnacle, and the other quaintly-named parishes which pay "Wroth Money" to the lord of the manor of the hundred of Knightlow, together with those spectators, drawn thither out of curiosity, who, by the way, are not infrequently honoured by being allowed to pay the tribute out of their own pockets. Having read from the Charter of Wroth Silver the list of parishes from which the Duke demands Wroth Silver, the penalty for non-payment being twenty shillings for every penny or the forfeiture of a white bull with red nose and ears, which only an Irishman could be allowed to describe as a *rara avis*, however apposite the description, His Grace's agent



I. C. Wharton.

VIEW FROM THE BEACH AT FOWEY.

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sees that the sum due from each parish is duly placed in a hollow worn in the stone, the sole remains of an old monastic cross, and the party adjourns to a neighbouring hostelry to breakfast.

It is at this repast, which costs the Duke considerably more than the revenue he has just exacted, that the pleasant and time-honoured custom of drinking hot rum and milk and smoking churchwarden pipes obtains. Needless to say, the toast, proposed by the agent, of "The Duke of Buccleuch" is drunk with enthusiasm. In former times it was customary for the individual paying the tribute to walk thrice round the stone, saying the while "The Wroth Silver," before he made his deposit; but this mystic rite has, like many others, fallen into desuetude. On only one occasion during the last century was the due disputed and the penalties imposed; and this occasion in all probability was a matter of arrangement, for when the bull tendered was discovered to be far from fulfilling the conditions of the colour scheme, it was incontinently refused and no further penalty imposed.

MRS. HUGHES' SKYE TERRIER KENNEL.

IT is not always a satisfactory task to have to write about Skye terriers nowadays, as the position at present occupied in the dog world by this game, handsome, and altogether desirable breed of vermin terrier is by no means as satisfactory as all its friends might wish; and, moreover, there is not invariably that unanimity of opinion amongst its breeders which goes so far towards promoting the prosperity of a variety. Still, the fortunes of the Skye terrier are certainly looking up, some excellent and very large classes having appeared at several shows this year, a circumstance which no doubt is due, in a great measure, to the interest taken in the breed by the Countess of Aberdeen, who accepted the position of honorary secretary of the English Skye Terrier Club at a somewhat critical period of the society's existence; whilst the active support of such an enthusiast as Mrs. W. J. Hughes, of the Wolverley Kennels, Kidderminster, has been of great assistance to the breed.

The Skye terrier, however, is a variety which is perfectly well capable of standing on its own merits, provided that it becomes better known amongst dog-lovers; and therefore it is to be hoped that its admirers will decide the conflicting question of minor points which has divided them, so that a real opportunity may be afforded this game little dog of proving his worth to the public, which he assuredly will when his breeders have become finally united.



C. Reid. CHAMPION WOLVERLEY DUCHESS. Copyright

Like the two other great breeds of North British terriers, the Dandie Dinmont and the hard-haired Scottish, which some people erroneously persist in referring to as the Aberdeen—why, no one knows—the Skye terrier is a most admirable little hunter after vermin, and as hard bitten as a dog can be. It is obvious, however, that the long, luxurious coats which some show specimens of the breed possess cannot fail to interfere with their working capacity, and therefore the decision of the club that there should and must be a limit to the length of hair is undoubtedly a wise and popular resolution. The fact, moreover, that there exists a purely business type of Skye terrier, an animal far shorter in the coat than the average representative of the breed, suggested that some check should be placed upon the successes of the Skyes of extra luxuriant jacket, especially as some specimens

of the latter are

disposed to carry the silken coats which are characteristic of the Paisley terrier, a breed which, in many points resembles the true Skye, though it is far softer in jacket than the latter should be.

Mrs. Hughes' dogs are, however, open to no such reproaches, as, so far as the quality and extent of their coats are concerned, they present a most happy medium between the two extremes, whilst they may be accepted as admirable specimens of the short-legged, long-bodied type of Skye which always finds favour with experienced judges of the breed. As in the case of all vermin terriers, the jaws of the Skye are extremely powerful and the teeth large in size, this combination enabling them to tackle the badger or the fox, for in certain districts of their native Scotland the fox is never hunted, the country being too mountainous for that form of sport. The eyes are very bright and intelligent-looking when not obscured by a superabundance of coat, whilst the latter, as observed above, should be profuse on every part of the body. In consequence of this it becomes a difficult matter very often to form an opinion of the shape of a Skye terrier, and consequently an old-fashioned custom which prevailed in some parts of the North was to immerse the dog in water, so that the outline of his body could be discerned more easily. Whilst upon the subject of the jacket, it may be observed that, though it often appears to be silken in texture, it ought really to be hard and crisp to the touch, whilst any inclination towards curliness is objected to. In temper a Skye terrier, though devoted to those he knows, is, like other of the Scottish breeds, a little disposed to be suspicious of strangers, with whom he is often reluctant to make friends; but this peculiarity is often regarded as an attraction amongst dog-



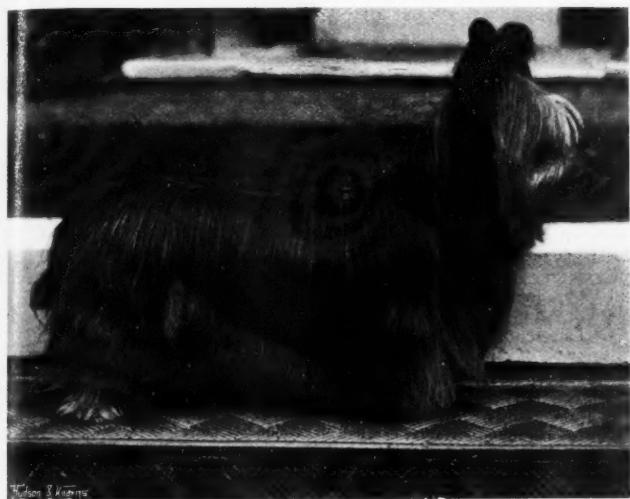
C. Reid, Wishaw, N.B. MRS. HUGHES AND HER DOGS. Copyright



C. Reid. CHAMPION WOLVERLEY LADDIE. Copyright

owners who can afford to put up with the eccentricities of a four-footed companion which knows no superior as a good and plucky vermin dog.

The accompanying illustrations represent some of the most famous representatives of the Wolverley Kennel. The place of honour may, however, be awarded to Champion Wolverley Jock, a grey-coloured dog, which was bred by Mrs. Hughes in 1894, his sire being Laird Duncan and his dam Wolverley Cronie. Amongst the successes of this very remarkable Skye are wins at the Crystal Palace, Birmingham, Liverpool, Northampton, and Birkenhead Shows, whilst he can, in addition, claim the honour of being the father of several great winners. Amongst these is Champion Wolverley Laddie, whose likeness also appears, he being a silver-grey dog, which has won at the Crystal Palace, Cruft's, Birkenhead, and Birmingham, whilst another of his sons illustrated here is Champion Wolverley Roy, a dark grey, whelped in 1897, which has got to the front at Birmingham and Earl's Court. Champion Wolverley Duchess, also bred by Mrs. Hughes, is a dark grey eight year old bitch, and a very celebrated winner, her greatest victories being obtained at such shows as the Crystal Palace, Birmingham, Earl's Court, Liver-



C. Reid. CHAMPION WOLVERLEY JOCK. Copyright

pool, Manchester, Edinburgh, Darlington, and Cruft's, whilst it may be observed of this beautiful daughter of Wolverley Fritz and Wolverley Bogie that she has scored several wins at most of the above important exhibitions.

IN THE GARDEN.

GARDENS OF INDOOR FLOWERS.

IN continuation of our notes on these, the next group to consider is the *Azalea*, one of the most useful classes of shrubs that we have for this purpose, equally valuable for hard forcing or for flowering late in the spring.

Though the formation of their roots is dense and wig-like, they are all the better for being potted early, while they may be permanently grown in pots in a satisfactory manner. The Chinese *A. sinensis* or *mollis*, as it is more popularly known, is close and compact of growth, with massive clusters of large flowers, the different forms of which vary in tint from pale yellow through all the different gradations of that hue to deep orange and salmon pink, some of the flame-coloured shades being very bright. Among the best are Alphonse Lavallée, bright orange; Anthony Koster, rich yellow; Dr. Pasteur, orange-red; General Vetter, orange; Hugo Koster, salmon red; J. de Vink, soft rose.

The varieties classed under the head of Ghent Azaleas are all beautiful, and equally adapted for the same purpose as the preceding. In their case



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PUPPIES.

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C. Reid. CHAMPION WOLVERLEY ROY. Copyright

the individual blooms are smaller, but are borne in such profusion as to form a perfect mass. The colour varies from white, through all the shades of yellow, orange, pink, rose, and scarlet, to bright crimson, so that there is plenty of variety to choose from, in addition to which there are some forms with double blossoms. These are in a mass scarcely as showy as the single kinds, but to some double flowers always appeal. Azaleas when planted in the open ground need a certain amount of peat or other vegetable matter, and this is even more important when in pots. A suitable compost for this purpose is equal parts of loam, leaf mould, and peat, with plenty of sand. Except the shortening back of an occasional shoot, that threatens to upset the balance of the plant, and a thinning out of any wiry exhausted shoots, little pruning will be needed, but it is very beneficial directly the flowers are over to cut off the seed-pods, as they take a great deal of nourishment from the plant.

Berberis.—Though an extensive genus, there are not many of the Barberries of much account for greenhouse decoration in the spring, the best being the orange-coloured *B. Darwini* and the rich yellow *B. stenophylla*. They will not flower in a satisfactory manner if hard forced, but in cool house or with very little heat they are decidedly attractive. We knew some bushes of *B. stenophylla* that had been treated in this way for five years, and but little trouble was taken with them, yet they were so beautiful as to be much admired every season. After flowering the weak growths were cut out, and the pots plunged in the open ground. These notes will be continued in our next issue.

PLANTING PANSIES.

When Pansy flowers are desired in spring, planting must be done at once, but remember that the Pansy, no matter whether the fancy, tufted, or ordinary seedling varieties, requires a fairly moist soil, and prefers a cool, somewhat shady place. The reason why Pansies frequently fail in the South of England is because the air is dry and the soil hot, the cooler climate of Scotland suiting them much better. To prevent anything approaching stagnation raise the bed or border a little, and well work the soil round the collar of the plants. As the Pansy roots deeply, the soil must be, as gardeners say, well worked—that is, it should be an easy matter for the roots to spread in it—incorporating with it a moderate quantity of well-decayed manure. Always, as far as possible, mass the various varieties—that is, put one in each little bed or group. We planted a large collection last spring in deep, well-prepared soil, and amongst Tea Roses. The beds were over 12 ft. long and about 4 ft. wide, and planted with nothing but Blue Gown. This may appear somewhat unwise, as even the most beautiful of flowers become wearisome when recklessly repeated; but there was the desired colour, and the results were delightful in every way. The following are a few of the best and cheapest of the tufted Pansies, called "tufted" because of their compact growth, unlike the sprawling stems of older kinds.

Blue.—The writer always places great faith in Blue Gown. The flower is very beautiful, a soft welcome shade, and very charming on an old wall. We have a patch of this Pansy in chinks in an old wall, and visitors

wonder what "species" of Violet this can be, so fresh and dainty. Another Pansy we esteem, though some would have us select other blues, is Archie Grant, a blue so intense that one never tires of it.

Edged flowers.—This is a class which has flowers with a margin of colour to the petals, and two of the prettiest are Border Witch and Duchess of Fife.

Fancy.—This group is distinguished by blotches on the petals. A good variety in this race is Cottage Maid, and another welcome one is Mrs. C. F. Gordon.

Rose.—William Neil is quite a gem of its colour, and some would like a variety named Maggie. Yellow.—

Ardwell Gem is very rich and distinct. Another beautiful variety of this colour is Pembroke. Also one must not forget Queenie, with bluish flowers, a very pretty flower; and another small-flowered Pansy for walls or beds is Violetta, which is of the purest white.

A BEAUTIFUL BELLFLOWER.

The Bellflower or Campanula family is full of beautiful kinds, the wild Harebell as an illustration, but none of the dainty throng are more useful to the gardener than Campanula pyramidalis and the white variety. It is tall and strong in growth, and when in bloom is a mass of flower, so thickly set on the strong stems that scarcely

a leaf is visible. The accompanying illustration shows its beauty as a pot plant for the adornment of conservatory or greenhouse, and we lately noticed a seedling in the pavement outside the house of a village postman. The seed had been blown there or carried by birds, as the Bellflower was established in the back garden, but its healthiness and charm in such a place as a niche in the pavement shows that many of our most beautiful hardy plants do not need the "culture" many would have us believe necessary to their very existence. Those who wish for a good hardy plant to grow in pots indoors cannot choose a finer one than this, and it is in full flower from mid-June until early October when the lower flowers as soon as they fade are picked off. The seed should be sown in



BEAUTIFUL BELLFLOWER.

early February, in gentle warmth, and the plants gradually hardened off, and then transferred to a cold frame. Pick them off when of sufficient size, and then shift into pots 4½ in. across. When established they may be plunged outdoors, and the object of this plunging is to keep the soil moist and prevent, as much as possible, any undue extremes. Give two pottings during the following summer and autumn, or one in the summer and the other in the spring, as when repotted late in autumn the plants are unable to recover from the disturbance of the roots before winter sets in. Always pot very firmly, and use for soil good loam, and

little well-decayed manure or leaf-mould in place of silver sand. When the spikes are progressing give a little artificial manure or liquid from the farmyard. One of the most important matters in the culture of this Campanula is to give water with great care, avoiding both extremes. When the soil remains wet for any length of time premature decay of leaf and stem sets in, and the promise of flowers is unfulfilled. The best supports are slender Bamboo sticks painted green, but as few as possible should be used, otherwise the appearance of the plants will be spoilt. There is a dwarf variety called compacta well worth growing. We dislike dwarf forms of plants naturally tall as a rule, but in the case of this Bellflower there is a good exception to a general rule.

LITTLE WOLF & THE RED HAT.—I.

By M. E. FRANCIS.

IT was noontide, warm even here in the heart of the wood, and Wolfgang von Wolfenfels broke off the jog-trot which he had steadily kept ever since he had left the castle, and flung himself upon the sword to rest. He was a very sturdy little fellow, with a round pink and white face, and round blue eyes protected by the inevitable German student spectacles, and a round head without very much in it. But, though no great classical scholar, and much puzzled by mathematics and philosophy, Wolfgang possessed a passion for one science—he was an enthusiastic botanist. Even as he now lay outstretched for a moment's breathing space, his blue eyes wandered searchingly among the grasses and little mosses which surrounded him; might there not be "specimens" of some hitherto unpossessed and unclassified genus to be found here on this shady bank?

Presently, uttering a little shriek of delight, he sprang to his feet, threw down the flat basket which had hitherto been slung over his shoulder, and darted off to a spot a few paces away. In a clearing among the trees, he had, as he fancied, descried a long-sought treasure. His heart misgave him somewhat for thus dallying, for he was really due at the forester's hut half a mile away. His grandfather, the elder Graf Wolfgang von Wolfenfels, was expecting him to bring him his midday meal; the old man would be tired and hungry after his long tramp in search of sport, and Wölfcchen, or Little Wolf, as he had playfully nicknamed him, would be likely to incur his serious displeasure by this procrastination. Nevertheless, it were a thousand pities to lose a magnificent specimen of rare fern. And yonder, a little further on, he could see sundry delicate woodland growths of which he had long been unsuccessfully in search.

With hasty trembling fingers he had just laid the last of these prizes carefully away in his tin specimen box, when a sudden trill of woman's laughter caused him to turn round with a great start. Lo! seated on the bank, where a few moments ago he had lain, was a dainty little lady—a lady more beautiful than any Little Wolf had ever beheld, with a small bright piquante face, and great dark eyes, her brilliant brunette colouring being set off by the most coquettish little hat in the world—a hat the like of which Wolfgang had never seen. It was bright red from brim to aigrette, and was perched knowingly somewhat at the side of the curly dark head. But if Wolfgang were taken aback by this sudden apparition, he was still more perturbed on discovering the occupation with which the little lady was intent; she had actually possessed herself of his basket, and, not satisfied with examining its contents, was at that very moment engaged in

nibbling a beautiful piece of Bale-Leckerei. Now Bale-Leckerei, as everyone knows, is a delightful combination of flour and honey and almonds and pieces of all descriptions, and is not so easily obtained that one can afford to bestow a goodly slice of it upon an absolute stranger. Little Wolf, then, with a very red face and a good deal of diffidence, but with his thrifty German soul astir with indignation, nevertheless hastened up to the side of the pretty young thing, and, doffing his soft green hat, politely informed her that the basket and its contents belonged to him.

"And very good they are, Mein Herr," remarked she, looking up. "Je vous en fais mon compliment"; and she proceeded to nibble on with the utmost calmness and satisfaction.

"I was just about to bring my grandfather his lunch," insinuated Wolfgang. "You are perhaps an acquaintance of his?" he added, after a moment's pause.

Most of his nineteen years of life had been spent at school and college. His grandfather still treated him as though he were an infant, and during the holidays which he passed with him made few confidences to the lad. Wolfgang was taught to speak only when he was spoken to, and to refrain from impudent questions. He therefore thought it very possible that this was some lady of the neighbourhood to whom his grandfather had not thought fit to introduce him.

"Not at all, Mein Herr," replied the owner of the red hat. "I have never heard either of you or your grandfather before."

"My grandfather is the Graf Wolfgang von Wolfenfels," said Little Wolf proudly; "you can see his castle yonder. All the woods on this side of the boundary belong to him, and he is very particular in keeping them private," he added, with a touch of asperity.

The little lady had started when he announced his grandfather's title, and, though she was evidently amused at the young fellow's pompous tone, she soon became thoughtful, and eyed him for a moment or two, curiously, before she spoke again.

"Your noble grandfather would doubtless be very angry with me for venturing to intrude upon his domain, did he know of it," she remarked at last; "but I wandered on without distinguishing it from the forest yonder. I did not perceive any boundary line. Where is the boundary line?"

Wölfcchen drew himself up, and began to speak fast and eagerly.

"The boundary, as everyone should know, is that little stream half a mile away from here, which you must have passed by the stepping-stones. The ignorant forester fellow, who is in

charge of the woods yonder, pretends that it was turned out of its course many years ago when the great mill was built, and that His Majesty's property extends almost to the spot where we now stand. But, as my grandfather says, that is a ridiculous theory, and he will not abate one jot of his rights. He intends to have that forester removed from his post; he is a mischief-making, hot-headed fellow, much too young to know his business, as my grandfather says, and far too anxious to interfere with other people's business."

Wolfchen paused, very full of importance. It was curious that the little lady did not seem more amused, for, as a matter of fact, the manner in which he rolled his eyes and puffed out his pink cheeks each time he quoted his grandfather was sufficiently comical; but, on the contrary, she remained pensive and serious.

"It will perhaps not be such an easy matter to depose the master-forester," she remarked presently.

"Ach! mein Fraulein, it will be the easiest thing in the world. You do not realise my grandfather's position—he has great influence at Court; a word from him will carry much weight."

"But surely it would be very unfair to punish him for his zeal in the service of the Government?"

"No, but he should not offend a person of the rank of my grandfather; he should not be so impudent as to dispute a point which has never been questioned before. Ach ja! the Herr Graf von Wolfenfels will need but to say that he has found him an impudent, interfering fellow, unfit for his responsible position, and the thing will be done."

"Ach! that is how you manage these matters in Germany," said the owner of the red hat, with a vexed air. "In my republican France an aristocrat would not have it thus all his own way. Well, I am very sorry at least that I should have trespassed on his property, and still more that I should have eaten his little cakes; but I was exceedingly hungry, so I hope you will pardon me, Herr Graf. You are doubtless also a Count like your high-born grandfather?"

"My name is also Graf Wolfgang von Wolfenfels," returned Little Wolf, flushing. "I bear the same name as my grandfather, but he sometimes calls me Wölchen."

"Little Wolf! What a terrible name; but you do not look very alarming. There, I have finished the last cake, and very good it was. I am afraid there is not one left for your noble grandfather; but perhaps he will like bread and butter and that abominable Wurst just as well. Oh! your Wurst; I cannot bear it."

"You have eaten all the little cakes!" cried Wolfgang, his eyes widening with astonishment and alarm behind his spectacles. "Ach! what will he then say, my grandfather? He will know that I loitered by the way instead of meeting him at noon as he desired. What shall I do? He will never make a luncheon without them."

The young lady looked at him coolly. "Is it not then possible to procure some more?"

"Ach ja! I did not think of that. I will run so fast, so fast, to get more, and then go straight to the hut, and he will know nothing about it; it is an idea. Leben sie wohl, madame."

Again doffing his green hat, and hastily throwing the strap of his basket over his shoulder, Little Wolf ran off as fast as his short legs would carry him in the direction of the old Schloss, and the owner of the red hat sat quite still where he had left her, laughing till her pretty slim shoulders shook; a wicked little demon danced in each of her bright eyes; she looked a wicked little person altogether as she sat with her rounded chin resting on her hands, gazing after Wolfgang's retreating form.

"They are impulsive, these Germans," she said to herself. "How serious that boy was—Au fait! the matter is in some respects serious enough. I think I will go in search of this famous grandfather—one might do something with him if one managed him properly. Allons donc! let us face the old moustache and see what can be done with him."

She tripped away among the trees, following a narrow path that led, as she rightly supposed, to the forest hut where the old Graf was accustomed to rest during the midday heat when exhausted by the labours of the chase.

He was indeed standing at the doorway of the rustic structure, shading his eyes with his hand and nibbling his bristling grey moustache with great impatience. He was master of a very choice selection of epithets, and now drew from this vocabulary sundry of a strange and startling description, which he applied to the person of his unfortunate grandson, whom he had angrily expected for the last half-hour. The Count was not in the very best of humours that day. To begin with, he had had bad sport; next, it was exceedingly hot; thirdly, he had forgotten to bring his flask; and, fourthly, Wölchen—stupid, lazy, etc. Moreover, his grievance against the master-forester was peculiarly present to his mind to-day, for during his recent peregrinations he had discovered certain trees on his side of the boundary stream which that impudent young dog had actually marked out for destruction. It was true they were quite dead and very much in the way, but, nevertheless, his

were the sacred rights of proprietorship, and if he did not choose to condemn them no one else should usurp his authority. Before him wound the path by which his laggard grandson might be expected to arrive, shadowy brown under the trees, curving like burrished copper through the sunlit clearings, but no hurrying feet were to be heard advancing along it. Stay; there was the sound of footsteps at last. Had the veteran not been so eager and so angry it would have struck him that they were far too light to belong to Wolfgang.

"Schaf Kopf!" shouted the Count, rushing forward and brandishing his stick. "Where hast thou been all this—"

He stopped short. In the path before him stood a figure far more diminutive even than that of his squat grandson; the figure of a young lady, very prettily dressed, with dancing black eyes gazing at him mischievously from under the brim of the quaintest little red hat in the world.

"Tout doux!" said the little lady, suddenly halting; and then, bringing her high heels together with the regulation click, she saluted him in military fashion. "Why so angry, my General?" she enquired.

The scar which disfigured the Count's face, and which the young lady had been so quick to detect, was not received in action, being merely the remains of a student's duel.

He was flattered, nevertheless, by the inference, and gazed with a mollified air at his questioner.

"I was expecting my grandson," he explained; "the fellow has kept me waiting his pleasure a very long time. I feel a little provoked with him, my Fraulein."

"Ah!" said she, "and were you prepared to receive him with that stick, monsieur? If so, I feel sorry for the grandson."

The old man's eyes twinkled under their bristling brows.

"No, no," he replied; "he is a stupid lad, a child who has to be chidden and reproved; but as to striking him—na, I have never raised a finger to him in my life."

A smile dimpled all over the little lady's face.

"That is as it should be," she said. "Do you know, I was quite frightened when I saw you coming, gnashing your teeth, and letting your eyes flash such fire. 'Ah!' said I to myself, 'this is surely some giant of the woods, perhaps some savage wolf bent on devouring me.'"

"No, no," exclaimed the old man, "nothing of the kind. Only a very harmless old fellow, a kind of hermit, my Fraulein, who lives all the year shut up in his ancient castle and sees scarcely any company now; though in the days of his youth—I could tell you some stories about those times. But now, since we have thus met so opportunely, shall we improve our acquaintance? Allow me to present myself to you—the Graf Wolfgang von Wolfenfels, whose castle you may discern yonder among the trees."

"I am delighted to know you," responded the owner of the red hat, making a deep curtsey.

"And may I not have the pleasure of knowing with whom I am conversing?" resumed the old man, very gallantly.

She made another curtsey. "No, that is a little secret," she said. "But how cool and delightful it is in here. Shall we not come in and rest until your grandson appears? I will tell you a little story which will amuse you. Do you know, you must not be angry with him, poor fellow—I am the cause of your luncheon being so long delayed. He was carrying it, was he not, in a flat basket which he wears slung over his shoulder?"

Old Wolfgang nodded.

"Well, then," pursued she, "I had the curiosity to see what was in that basket, and so I opened it—"

The bristling white brows were again drawn together.

"How!" cried the Count, in a terrible voice. "That stupid boy had left it about as usual."

"Fi donc! you must not speak in such a big voice; you frighten me. Did you not say he wears it slung over his shoulder? What more easy than to steal behind and peep in."

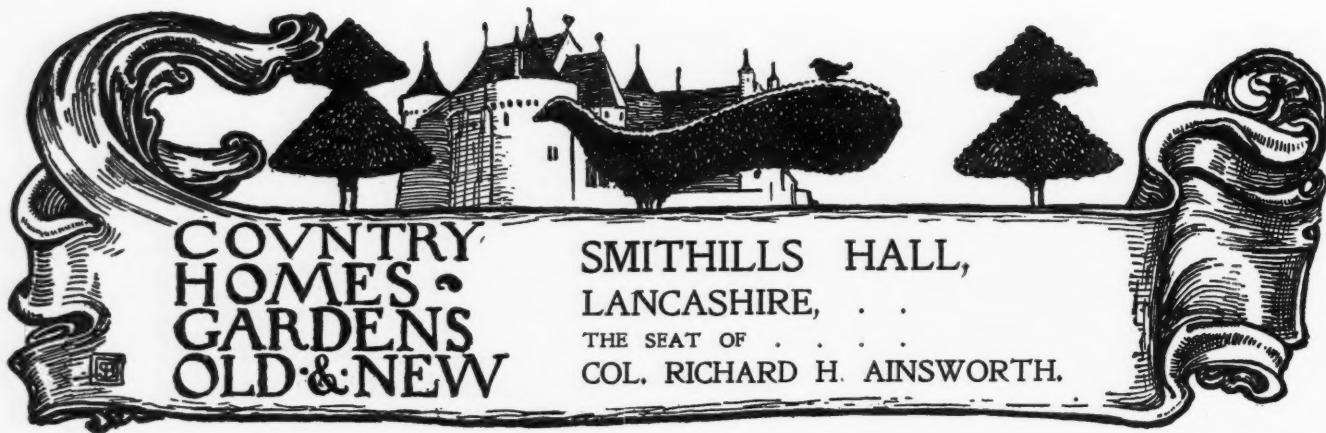
"Donner Wetter!" explained the Count. "Then he was mooning about, I suppose, in that half-witted fashion of his, without noticing whether he went, or what he was doing. Or had he, perhaps, met you already in the woods, my Fraulein?" he added, as an afterthought, fixing his eyes keenly and sternly upon her.

"He made my acquaintance after I had eaten your cakes," responded the other, unperturbed. "Yes, that is the truth—I stole them, and I ate them, every one; little cakes of spice and honey, quite delicious, the best things I have eaten in Germany. Now will you forgive him? The poor youth has gone off with all the speed he can muster to procure you a fresh supply. He was very angry with me."

"No, no," interrupted the old man, chuckling; "he should have been delighted, on the contrary."

"Ah, how good of you to say so! He was not at all delighted, I assure you, and so I thought I would come and confess my fault to you. You will not be angry with me?" The dark eyes had a velvety softness now, as they peered from beneath the shade of the hat.

(To be continued.)



WITHIN some three miles of the busy Lancashire town of Bolton-le-Moors, noisy with the hum of the spindle and the rattle of the shuttle in the loom, stands ancient Smithills Hall, apart in its gardens, and preserving its old-time splendour undimmed. In these pages several of the black and white—or "magpie," as it is sometimes called—timber-work houses of Lancashire have been depicted. We might dwell upon the charms of that old English style, which has few finer exemplars than the house of Smithills, but it is perhaps unnecessary to refer again to the general character of such places. What is specially gratifying in regard to this antique house is that, though it lies so near to a manufacturing town, it is maintained in something even greater than its pristine charm. Such additions as have been made to fit it for a modern habitation are in admirable taste, and the stone enlargements are in excellent harmony with the old structure.

Beautiful gardens and a good park are the setting of the place. Their character is broad and simple, and without elaboration, as will be seen from the pictures, and the effect is eminently satisfactory. In the ancient courtyard there is a pleasant arrangement of flower-beds. The long lawns which

are upon the south front form a raised terrace, and there is nothing to detract from the architectural proportions or the harmony of the structure. At the outer edge of this terrace runs a low wall without any balustrade, and there are three simple descents, with stonework margins, and the old adornment of stone balls. The stairways lead down to a long walk, with a fine flower border under the wall, and a grass margin on the other hand, beyond which is another low stone wall with grass lying below. The garden masonry is everywhere excellent, as may be noticed in the illustration of the ascents to the mount. That mount is a feature in the garden, and it has been conjectured that it was the mound or base of a fortified tower, which it is believed anciently stood upon the spot. The trees about Smithills Hall are fine and wide-spreading, and add a great deal to the charm of the pictures. In some places ivy clings to the structure, as well as various flowering plants. Generally speaking it may be said that the garden is good, simple, and appropriate. In this, of course, there is a lesson. It is, that much may be achieved without either great labour or great expense; and in this matter Smithills might well be an example.

The site of the Hall presents many analogies to those of



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THE DOMESTIC CHAPEL AND GOSPEL HALL.

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SMITHILLS HALL.

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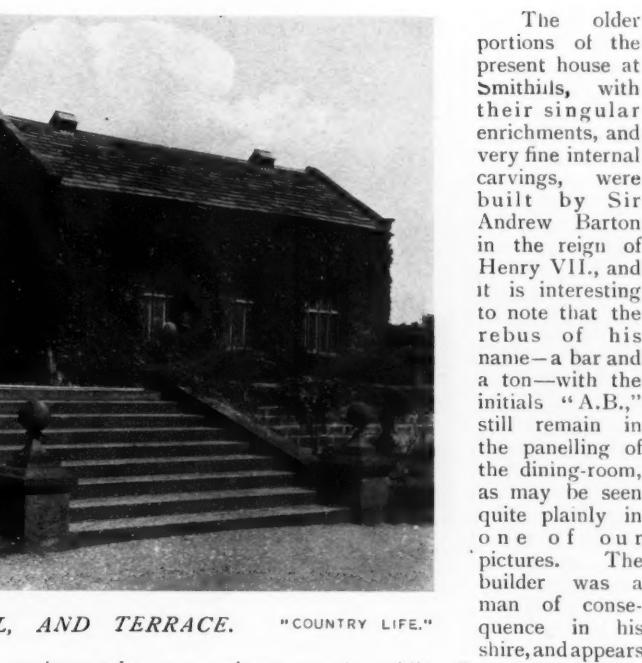
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THE WEST END.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

other Lancashire houses, and it is reasonable to think that it was selected because of the facilities it presented for defence. In this matter it is like Agecroft, Little Bolton Hall, and the well-known "Hall i' th' Wood" in the same neighbourhood. Smithills stands on the edge of a steep cliff, at the bottom of which flows a tributary of the river Tonge, while on the other sides, in former times, there was the protection of a moat. The glen which results from the steep declivity adds picturesqueness to the place, and we illustrate a rocky bridge and overflow, which will show that the park and garden have a great deal of natural charm. The water of the glen comes down from the hills above, forms a basin or lake, and runs into a ravine of rock towards Bolton and the busy places which lie at the foot of the hill. The arrangement of the house shall presently be described, but, while we are speaking of its situation, it may be interesting to say that the old gate-house seems to have been at the south-west corner of the quadrangle, as is marked by an avenue of limes which leads that way. The quadrangle is not enclosed, as in some houses of the class, but is open on the south side, and the more modern erections have been added in an extension westward.

In very ancient times the place belonged to the great house of Lacy, and it passed to the Stanleys of Lathom, and then to the Radcliffes, who were seated at Smithills in the reign of Edward III., and were a branch of the Radcliffes of Radcliffe Tower. Joanna, the daughter and heiress of Sir Ralph Radcliffe, conveyed Smithills to her husband, Ralph Barton of Home, Esquire, at some date after 1450.



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COURTYARD, CHAPEL, AND TERRACE. "COUNTRY LIFE."

The older portions of the present house at Smithills, with their singular enrichments, and very fine internal carvings, were built by Sir Andrew Barton in the reign of Henry VII., and it is interesting to note that the rebus of his name—a bar and a ton—with the initials "A.B." still remain in the panelling of the dining-room, as may be seen quite plainly in one of our pictures. The builder was a man of consequence in his shire, and appears

to have taken a prominent part in public affairs. An attempt has been made to identify him with another Sir Andrew Barton, a privateer captain, or pirate, who preyed upon shipping in the time of Henry VIII. An old ballad in Percy's "Reliques" gives the metrical story. It appears that the seafaring Sir Andrew had procured letters of marque from the Scottish King, and was a terror to the English merchants. The ballad shows us the bluff King welcoming his merchants and sailors—good sailors they were, as they swore "by the rood," but rich merchants they could not be so long as Sir Andrew Barton robbed them of their wares on their journeys to Flanders and Bordeaux.

"King Henry frowned, and turned him round,
And swore by the Lord that was mickle of might,
'I thought he had not been in the world
Durst have wrought England such unright.'

"The merchants sighed and said, alas !
And thus they did their answer frame,
'He is a proud Scot that robs on the seas,
And Sir Andrew Barton is his name.'"

Now, if the pirate knight was a Scot, he was not Sir Andrew



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THE COURTYARD, EAST CORNER.

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OLD AND NEW.

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THE MOUNT.

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Barton of Smithills Hall, and there is reason to believe that the Lancashire gentleman died in his bed, and not as Sir Andrew the pirate in the ballad, at the hands of the sons of the Earl of Surrey.

It was during the residence of the Bartons at Smithills that a somewhat remarkable episode occurred there. Those were bitter times, when the hand of one man was often set upon the throat of another, and when the wrongs of one

reign brought their retribution in that which followed. It is recorded that in 1555 a young curate, named George Marsh, was apprehended and brought before Justice Barton at Smithills, on the charge of holding heretical opinions obnoxious to the government of Queen Mary. At the examination Marsh's friends, foreseeing the dangers, entreated him to conform, but he stood steadfast, and, stamping his foot on the ground, exclaimed: "If my cause be just, let the prayers of thine unworthy servant be heard." Thereafter, so the story goes, the footprint remained, and was regarded with veneration; and even now, as if to confound the incredulous, it may be seen in the passage by the "gospel hall."

A panel in the floor is raised, and there something like the imprint of a foot is seen, while above is an inscription on the wall recording how George Marsh of Deane, whose footprint it is, was burnt at Chester in Mary's time. The story is given in Roby's "Traditions of Lancashire," and it is there



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THE GOSPEL HALL, EAST SIDE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

asserted that Sir Roger Barton, before whom Marsh was taken, was descended from the famous Puritan captain, knighted by James III. of Scotland. It appears that, after being examined at Smithills, Marsh was taken before the Earl of Derby at Lathom and was burnt outside the walls of Chester on April 24th, 1555.

Sir Thomas Barton of Smithills, died in 1659, and the estate passed, with his daughter Grace as sole heiress, to Henry

Belasyse, M.P., eldest son of Thomas, first Viscount Fauconberg, whose descendant, the third Earl, sold the manor in 1721. It afterwards passed to the Byrons of Manchester, and was sold for £21,000 to Mr. Richard Ainsworth of Hellifield, who died in 1833. It thus reached good hands, and, through the care of that gentleman and his present successor in the estate, it has been brought to a new state of perfection. Additions have been made, as we have said, in most perfect taste, and in many respects this curious and interesting house is more fortunate than most of its ancient brother mansions in the same shire.

Mr. Henry Taylor, who has written that very interesting book entitled "Old Halls in Lancashire and Cheshire," says that the architectural history of Smithills is more beset with entanglements than that of almost any other old house he has dealt with, in consequence of the great number of alterations and rebuildings in mediæval and subsequent times. The difficulty of unravelling

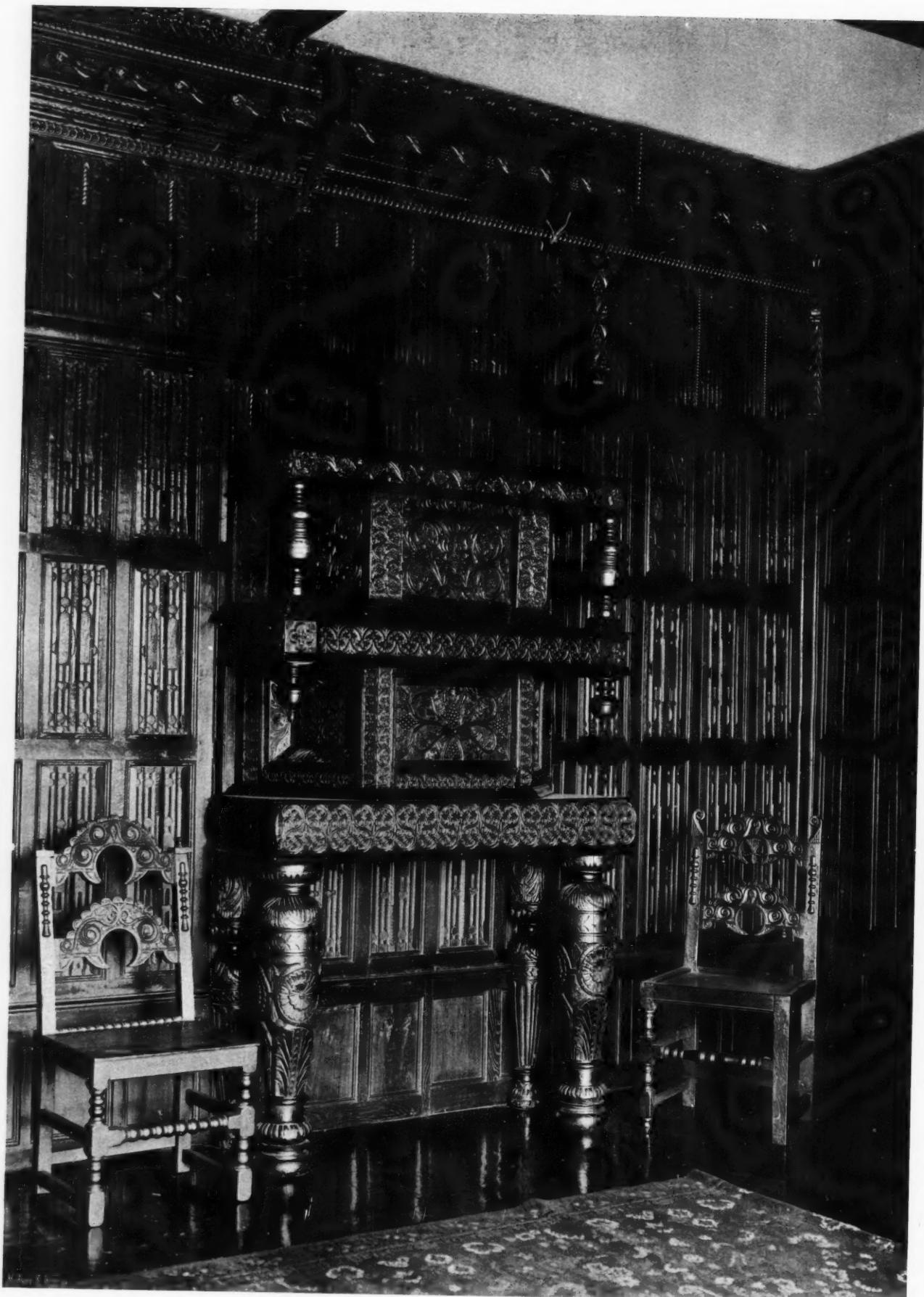


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Copyright BRIDGE AND OVERFLOW. "C.L."

[Nov. 8th, 1902.]



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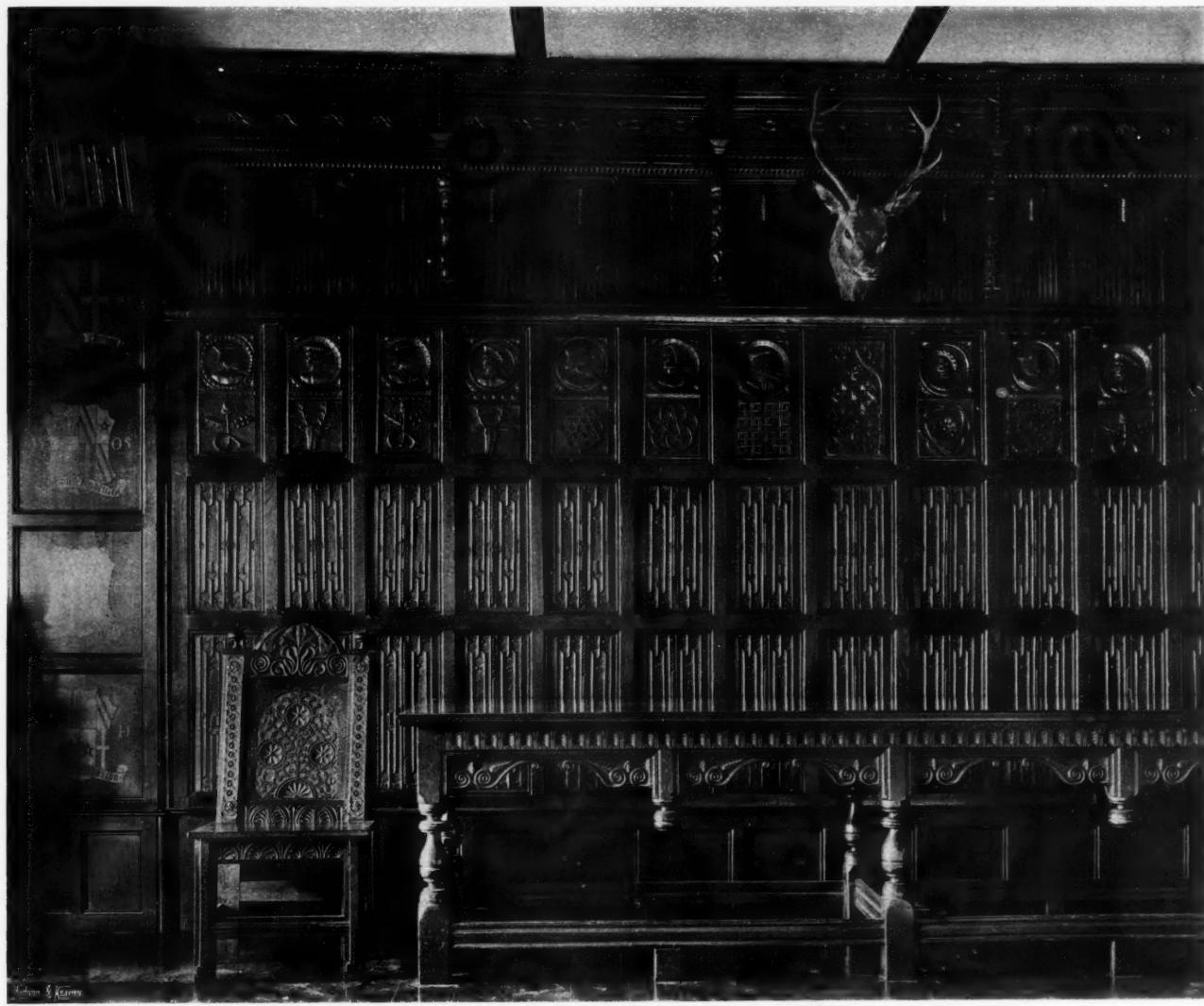
A CORNER IN THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

the confusion is increased by the unusually large number of rooms and the great size of the house. From the architectural point of view, the main interest is on the eastern side of the quadrangle, from which the domestic part has gone westward, where the more modern portions lie in an added wing. The courtyard, which, as we have said, is open on the south side, is about sooty square. On the north are the great hall, with the pantry and buttery, and across the western end of the large apartment are screens, with an ancient passage through the building from north to south. At the east end stood the high table, with a canopy over it, but at the close of the eighteenth century the great hall was converted into a brew-house, the side walls raised, and a false roof of flatter pitch added, and a new floor. The walls have been all more or less rebuilt, the first rebuilding being from wood to stone in Tudor times. There is now an open timber roof of very great beauty, and from it the date of the earlier building may be taken. Mr. Taylor says that it is certainly not later than the beginning of the fourteenth century. The timber is extraordinarily massive, and must have

means for entering the upper rooms independently, and is supported by an arcade of oak columns, forming a verandah to the lower rooms, where is the splendid old oak carving, with the ancient linen pattern, the rebus of the bar and ton, the oak leaves and acorn, and quaint legends, most of the oak having been taken from the old withdrawing-room on the other side of the quadrangle. Mr. Taylor sums up his conclusions as to the changes which have passed over this fine old house by saying that first came the abandonment of the great hall in the Elizabethan or Jacobean period, followed by that of the family wing on the east side, and by the addition of new apartments piecemeal on the west, for the accommodation of the family and servants in proximity to the ancient kitchen, but without any general plan or scheme. In the course of these rearrangements the servants were ousted from their ancient wing, and this was fitted up for the family, with very charming additions in the shape of the western wing.

Such, then, is the ancient Lancashire house at Smithills. In its old-time framework there is embodied a great deal of the



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ONE SIDE OF THE DINING-ROOM.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

been cut from large trees, probably grown in the vast forests of that region, which gave the Bartons their badge of the acorn, repeated many times in the old panelling. There is no trace of smoke on the beams, and no indication of there having been a fireplace, as was not uncommon in the great halls of English mansions. The arrangement of the hall screen was similar to that at Baguley in Cheshire, Rufford, and Adlington Hall—that is without a minstrels' gallery—but at some subsequent date a gallery was inserted, and afterwards removed.

Entered by a door at the back of the high table was the smaller hall, or lord's chamber, now divided into rooms, and further east was a charming withdrawing-room or banqueting-room. The domestic chapel is on that side also, and may be seen in some of our pictures with a cross upon the gable and ivy clothing the walls. Unfortunately it has suffered damage in past times by fire, and so is not so generally interesting. On the western side of the quadrangle are apartments with massive oak timber roofs, built originally without the corridor which is now seen. This was added in the Jacobean period to provide

domestic life of our English forefathers. We may note in the addition of the corridor for the convenience of the bed-chambers, and in the abandonment of the old hall, the change of manners that ushered in the existing state of things. The time went by when the knight sat at the high table, with his retainers below the salt, and the day had come when private apartments were built for the greater seclusion of the family. From this point of view, therefore, Colonel Ainsworth's house is very interesting. In its external aspect of black and white timbering, with much quatrefoil adornment, and many gables and mullioned windows, there is simple dignity that well bespeaks the character of old English houses. The successive additions all appeal to the eye as most successful features added to the older structure. Architecturally they are admirable, and the house has gained by what has been done. Happily, it is carefully guarded and well maintained by the hands of those who value it. In its surroundings, though we might wish the busy hum of the urgent world somewhat further away, there is very much that in our garden survey we have been able to admire.

RED DEER, FALLOW, AND SIKA.

THE three pictures accompanying have an interest that is rather unusual, being portraits of three different kinds of deer living in harmony in the same park. It is quite common to see red deer and fallow in the same park. They go about quite regardless of each other. The red deer seem to look upon the fallow as an inferior species, unworthy of their royal notice. Even in the most pugnacious season the red deer stag and the fallow buck pass each other by as indifferently as if they belonged to different systems of creation. No doubt there have been exceptions, and no doubt instances to the contrary will rain down upon us now that we have committed ourselves to this general observation, but certainly such cases are exceptional. For the red deer, as a rule, the fallow might as well be rabbits. Among themselves, fallow bucks and the red deer stags are pugnacious enough, as we all know, and the red deer stag in the amorous and pugnacious season is not to be approached by a man with any safety. The pugnacious instincts, allowed full play, are seen in the picture of the other kind of deer, the Japanese (or Sika) deer that are the rather unusual companions of the red deer in this park. The Sika does very well in England, in fact almost too well. Most of the people who have introduced Sika into their parks find them populating the land rather more quickly than they are wanted. They often are to be seen advertised for sale. Now, although fallow and red deer inhabit the same park together, without any mutual interference or intercourse, the case with the Japanese deer is not at all the same. They are too nearly related to each other. On certain forests in the West of Scotland, the Japanese deer have been turned out,



Mrs. Delves Broughton.

STAG SHOT IN WEALD PARK.

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Mrs. Delves Broughton. A STRUGGLE FOR THE MASTERY.

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and it has proved, rather to the general surprise, that they will cross quite freely with the red deer. This is an unfortunate business, for the cross-bred is but a poor creature. It loses a deal of the majesty of the pure red deer. It loses in fact in the two qualities that we look for especially in the things we stalk—venison to eat and a head to look at. Also it is to be said that it does not seem so satisfactory to shoot a thing that is not of the original Scottish breed. Of course this is sentimental; but if we were to take all the sentiment out of stalking, what would

be left? No doubt some of the red deer crosses are satisfactory enough in some of these ways. The wapiti crosses are grand. To be sure, the beast is not the original Scottish—that is to be admitted always—but he is a fine beast none the less. From the point of view of venison and of head ornament he is superior to the pure bred. And, after all, it is not so very certain that the wapiti and the red deer are not the same species (species is a much more elastic term than it was before Charles Darwin made his discoveries). There is a connecting link between the wapiti and the Scottish red deer in the maral or red deer of the Altai Mountains. Probably we could find specimens of the maral on the one hand that could not be distinguished from some specimens of the wapiti, and on the other that could not be distinguished from some specimens of the Scottish red deer. In any case the creatures seem to cross and recross freely. If we admit wapiti and red deer to be of the same specific stock, we may then rid ourselves of the sentimental objection to their cross. A trouble of the crossed animals in parks is that the half-bred stags become very fierce in the breeding season, and the season comes on a little earlier than with the pure-bred stag.

For the Japanese cross we can make no such apology. It would be futile to pretend that the Japanese came from the same specific stock as the red deer. It is even wonderful that creatures so little like each other should cross at



Mrs. Delves Broughton.

THE DEAD BUCK.

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all. None of the deer shown in these illustrations are especially remarkable of their kind. The red deer is a specimen that the stalker would call "shootable" on the hill. He would not be particularly proud of its head nor even of its bulk. Of course it is in fat and park-fed condition, so that it would weigh heavily, but that is not exactly judging by a fair standard. Generally these park deer run up to very heavy weights and have very fine heads—that is to say, heads of very many points. There is a distinction to be made in regard to this, for whereas the park deer have these many-pointed horns, the points themselves generally are rather small and short. There are many lovers of the red deer who prefer a head of fewer points, but with a wider spread of horns, and with the individual points longer. In this form of horn, they maintain, there is much more of the really wild character that is shown so finely in Landseer's well-known "Monarch of the Glen," than in a head of very many, but small, points. After all, the long and strong brow antlers must be the most formidable weapons of attack, for which purpose, undoubtedly, the deer's horns are now used mainly, as just at this season they are used most freely.

SHOOTING NOTES.

VERMIN IN GAME COVERTS.

SOMETIMES a question of some little delicacy arises, in the course of covert shooting at a place where you are a guest for the first time, with regard to your action in case of any vermin coming within shot. "Vermin" is a term that various shooters and various owners of shootings define to include very different things. The doubtful things, perhaps, are jays, magpies, rooks, jackdaws, kestrels, and owls. No doubt there are other rare birds, but it is a good rule to shoot no bird that is rare. Stoats and weasels, perhaps, are not doubtful. They always should be shot on opportunity, and a rat is a nasty robber in a covert. At the present time they are unusually abundant in the Eastern Counties. There is no worse enemy of game than a cat that has gone poaching; but unless you have your instructions, or are sure of your host's wishes, you should spare pussy. The ill will of pussy's owner may be a much more serious consideration for the preserver of game than the destruction that pussy does. Where fish are preserved it becomes a question what you should do if a heron wanders within shot; but it is not a question that will present itself often. But with regard to the above, first given, list of doubtful verminous birds, they are perhaps arranged in an appropriate order. There is little doubt about a jay, or about an owl. We see the latter nailed up on a keeper's door now and then, and now and then we hear a host or a shooter say, "Oh, I never shoot jays; they are such pretty, clever birds." But the rule for shooting is fairly constant—"jay ever, owl never." Always shoot a jay, never shoot an owl. A jay, it is sometimes said in its defence, acts as a good keeper, always giving the alarm when anyone comes near the covert; but, do what we may, there always will be enough left for that. Also, its friends claim that it is a robber of the small birds' nests, rather than of the game birds; but it is "certain sure" that nothing in the way of an egg comes amiss to the jay, and we may say the same of the magpie. Taking the list from the other end again, we find a perfectly harmless bird in the kestrel often nailed to barn doors. Occasionally, it may be, a kestrel takes to bad ways and begins to harry young pheasants coming out of their coops and so on; but it is very exceptional. As a rule, the kestrel does a deal more good than harm by killing down—like the owl—the small vermin, mice and insects. So he should always be spared; and even if a host should call out to shoot him, one would be very much disposed to an intentional miss, unless assured that he were one of those "fallen kestrels," so to say, that had taken to the bad courses indicated above. The magpie occasionally is spared, not for his good character, but because of his scarcity in some regions. In the humble judgment of the present writer a rook always should be shot. You need not spare him on account of his rarity, and he is an infliction on the farmer no less than on the game preserver. A succession of dry seasons has taught the rooks nearly all over the country that eggs are nice juicy things; and the rooks "behave according." There are so many of them, and they are so wary, that they are apt to be the worst scourges of all. But their delinquencies are not fully realised, and a host who will wish you to shoot them is rather the exception than the rule. When you are a guest the first thing to do is to consult your host's wishes; therefore, in case of doubt, let the rook go. As a rule, the majority of hosts will rather approve of the killing of a kestrel (a beneficent bird), and be rather shocked and disgusted at the killing of a rook, which is noxious from all points of view. Therefore, until general opinion is better instructed (and it is on the improving tack), it does not do, where you are a guest, to shoot rooks, except on express permission. But they are very wily birds, and the opportunity will not occur often. The kestrel, of course, suffers from belonging to the race that is known as that of "birds of prey," but keepers and shooters alike

are growing wiser about him. There remain the jackdaws. Whether they are noxious or no appears to be a question of local habit. A colony of jackdaws known to the writer lived on a certain game-preserving estate for years, and in the unanimous opinion of keepers, whose verdicts do not unduly incline to the side of mercy, were harmless citizens. Then came the dry years. They were the undoing of the moral character of these jackdaws, as of rooks. The original sin of the corvine race—egg stealing—was developed in them, and they have been egg stealers ever since. So the case against the jackdaws must, it appears, be judged locally. Some jackdaws are innocent, others guilty. Therefore with them the answer is, as before, "Shoot them if you are told to, but not otherwise."

On the whole, the right thing is in all cases of doubt not to shoot. The writer's personal habit is to shoot jays and magpies without question, of course unless asked not to do so; to shoot rooks without question if he knows the host well and regards him as an easy-going, and not a "touchy," person; to leave jackdaws, kestrels, and owls alone. Should one shoot a sparrow-hawk? Perhaps; but they are jolly, courageous birds, not too common, and the harm they do is little. They may be allowed to live, though "Live and let live" hardly is their motto.

We have left to the last, and to a paragraph all to itself, that worst of villains, the "hoodie" crow, because it is so local that it hardly comes into the general purview. There is a great area of England where it is quite unknown. Nevertheless in the chief shooting counties—Norfolk and Suffolk—it is more than common enough, and we have never heard of any worthy plea for sparing its life. At the same time it may be observed that bad vermin no less than good game birds "have their feelings," and it is no less cruel to fire at virtually impossible ranges at vermin than at a pheasant.

THE PUBLIC DEER PRESERVES OF NEW YORK STATE.

The finely bound and illustrated report of the Game Commission of New York State is always pleasant reading. The work of the Commission is most successful. They have placed nearly a million acres of pre-erved forest at the disposal of the public, and there deer can be stalked, with every assistance from the State foresters, by any person who can pay a licence. The estimated bag made by the public last season in the Adirondack forests is believed to have been considerably over 4,000 head. As Scotch deer forests are roughly reckoned as costing the tenant about £40 per stag, this bag would represent in this country what could be had at an expense of £160,000. The chief game warden calculates that there are about 30,000 head of deer in these Adirondack forests alone. The use of hounds and of shooting with lights at night is now prohibited. Local juries now steadily incline to support the State game laws when offenders are prosecuted.

THE PUBLIC GAMEKEEPERS' DANGEROUS TRADE.

The men who make all this sport possible are the State keepers or game wardens. The head game warden of the State has addressed the following report to the Commissioners: "I desire to call your attention to the fact that the work required of the protectors is dangerous alike to health and life. They must enter alone on an almost tractless wilderness, and on the shores of large lakes and rivers, and maintain themselves there for days at a time. Thus they must have the skill and courage of experienced woodmen, and the ability of trained oarsmen. They must be on duty under cover at night, for it is at that time that nearly all offences occur both with fish pirates and pot-hunters. They must take their lives in their hands and make warfare on illegal users of fish nets, who are a most desperate class of citizens prone to make use of firearms in opposition to law. They have to be transported from their home counties to other and distant counties where they can work *incognito* where the local protector is known to every citizen, and word is sent of his coming in advance by his movements. For all of this hazardous and arduous work they are paid only five hundred dollars a year." At present they are allowed a small extra fee for expenses, though, as the chief warden points out, they have to pay for railway fares, boats, traps, and own expenses. He therefore prays that they may be allowed their full expenses, and in addition sixty dollars a year more salary, and that they may not be paid partly from fines levied on offenders, which tends to make them unpopular. This is all very suggestive reading. The Sovereign People has now taken to enforcing game laws pretty thoroughly.

LATE LEVERETS.

Hares are still breeding, and may continue to do so up till Christmas if this open weather lasts. A litter of five was found last week, all the leverets being about the size of rats, and having white stars on their foreheads. It is a fixed belief in places where hares are numerous that it is only the litters of five which have this white spot on the forehead.

CURIOS EFFECTS OF THE FINE AUTUMN IN THE COVERTS.

Covert shooting has continued to be favoured by exquisite still sunny autumn days. Day moths and butterflies have continued to flit about while the guns have been waiting for the birds to come over, and numbers of larks were singing. The first woodcocks were seen at the end of the week, these being fully up to time in arriving. Yet on the very same ground on which woodcock were dropped primroses were in flower, smelling as sweetly as in April, ragged robin and white campion were in blossom, with various purple cowbells and other humble flowers, including the white wild pyrethrum. Though garden roses were flowering and full of scent, the haws of wild roses were in red masses, the holly bushes were covered with loads of clustered berries, and the ground strewn with the splitting husks of sweet chestnuts. Pheasants were in splendid condition, many of the birds being of unusual size and weight. The fall of the leaf in such a dry state has produced a curious effect of scent. Instead of the usual rather septic smell the dead leaves are scented almost like hay.

GREAT BAGS OF MISCELLANEOUS GAME.

If anyone doubts the immense progress made in the art of preserving game, or its importance in the economies of the county, the reports of recent shooting will probably carry conviction. Before these lines are in the press the King will have shot at Chieveley, Colonel McCalmont's estate, purchased by him from the Duke of Rutland, where a record bag may be expected. But the

early shoots show what is done even in a very bad season on properties where pheasant rearing is well understood, and where the head of partridges is such that a bag much below the average is still considerable. At the Duke of Cambridge's shooting at Six Mile Bottom only 250 partridges were killed in a day's driving; but at Wynyard Park between 8,000 and 9,000 head of game were shot in four days, including an immense bag of rabbits; 1,060 partridges were killed at Stetchworth, Lord Ellesmere's estate in Cheshire, in three days by seven guns; and 1,000 head a day were shot at Didlington while the Prince of Wales was visiting Lord Amherst.

WILD GEESE.

Though there are fewer wild grey geese round our shores than there are of any other wildfowl, except the swan, they assemble in considerable numbers at a few spots. There they make a considerable show. Neither is it difficult to get a shot at them, though the chances are that it will not be at a range which will make killing certain. They come down from the North to their favourite sand-banks about old Michaelmas Day with great regularity, and also make their flight inland at dawn, and then journey back to sea and sand-bank at very regular hours, and in certain directions. Thus the person who will take the trouble to get down to the shore by starlight on a late and cold autumn morning will certainly see the geese, even if they pass too high overhead to be shot; and a most exhilarating sight it is to see them flying, and hear them conversing on the quality of the weather and other topics of the hour. The flight is all over in ten minutes; but when coming inland they go in small flocks, while in coming back to the sand-bank they generally assemble in one great line before moving out to sea. They give more chances in the morning if only they are flying low enough. To see a great grey goose tumble headlong from the sky is a treat for anyone; to bag two or three is something to be remembered. The owners of the marshes where they feed sometimes make a heavy bag in foul weather. If in a heavy storm of wind and snow several guns move about the marshes they keep the geese on the move, and these will fly low and give easy shots from behind gate-posts, or if the shooter does not mind the wet, from the shelter of a drainage dyke. Aim under the wing if they are passing overhead, or if on one side aim at the head. Two guns shot thirteen pink-footed geese in a couple of hours in such a storm a few years ago. Probably there are more



W. A. Rouch.

AN EASY SHOT.

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of them in the marshes near Port Talbot, on the Yorkshire Wolds, whence they go back to the sand-banks in the Humber to sleep, at Wells in Norfolk, and near Berkeley Castle, than anywhere in England.

CORRESPONDENCE.

SIR,—It will be of interest to your readers to know that a quail was shot here last week. Mr. Macleay, naturalist of Inverness, informed me that it is ten years ago one was shot in this neighbourhood.—W. BURDON-MULLER, Dalross Castle, Inverness-shire, N.B.

[All enquiries under this heading to be addressed to the Shooting Editor.]

O'ER FIELD AND FURROW.

THE Master of the Bath and County Harriers intends to resign at the close of the season. Thus one of the best harrier countries in England will be vacant. They have a capital pack of hounds, made up chiefly of the modern stud book harrier, and a capital country, which includes the Sodbury Vale of the Duke of Beaufort's hunt. Hares are not only fairly plentiful, but are very stout, and I have known these hounds to run as straight and fast as any pack of foxhounds. The harriers are well supported by the town and the county, and they ought to have no difficulty in finding a Master. The stud book harrier of modern days is less picturesque and somewhat less musical perhaps than the old-fashioned hound, which is now becoming somewhat rare. But the best packs of harriers are straight and well shaped, they tire less and go faster than the older sorts, and even with harriers, in these days, we like to gallop.

Turning back over the records of the past week, we find that sport has prevailed everywhere. One day last week I had a talk with two well-known Masters of Hounds, and both assured me that for the last ten days they had done very well, while another enthusiastic sportsman told me that it was the best

October he had ever enjoyed. As I write the weather is perfect, and it may be hoped that we shall have fine weather for those opening days which are holidays and festivals for so many besides those who make hunting their chief occupation for the winter months. The old questions, I see, are springing up, and the evergreen question of subscriptions is being discussed in some papers. The odd thing is, that though I live on the borders of three hunts, and these not among the least popular, the question does not seem nearly such a burning one close at hand as it appears to be at a distance. I do not know of anyone who ought to subscribe who does not do so, though, possibly, some people give less than they might. Yet, on the other hand, a good many give as much and more than they can afford. I do not think that farmers are at all hostile, nor that hunts are unwilling to pay reasonable damages. Three-fourths of a considerable subscription in one country I know is devoted to this purpose. We hear a great deal, too, about large gatherings of people, but it cannot be too often repeated that there is nothing new in this in fashionable and accessible countries.

The meet at Tur Langton on Thursday week was one that attracted a good number of Mr. Fernie's regular followers. The prospect of drawing Sheepthorns for the first time this season was too good to be lost by any who could manage to be there. The little covert is noted for its close undergrowth, and is a very favourite haunt for foxes. It lies with a south-westerly aspect on the side of a hill just below the fine belt of trees known as Carlton Clump, that serves as a landmark for many a mile round. The covert too lies far enough from the road to be undisturbed. There were plenty of culs, and two faced the open and made for Kibworth Hall Shrubberies. The pack, however, were settled on another. Sheepthorns is well situated for foot people who care to see the whole of the draw from the slopes of the hill above. Unfortunately to see a fox arouses their enthusiasm, and they throw their tongues rather too freely. However, this fox was not to be turned from his point, and went off boldly up the hill. On the turf, moist but not sodden with the recent rain, scent lay well. Hounds put their noses down and streamed away for Shankton Holt. The pace was fast enough to make horses gallop, but not so fast as to leave those entirely out of it who preferred the gates to the blind hedges and still blinder ditches. In Shankton the fox hung for a few minutes, but hounds could always drive him, and he was forced away again, this time with his head for the Kibworth road, and with the



Sheaf, J. W.

IN THE COVERT.

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square tower of Illston Church, after a few fields, on the left. At or near the village he turned, and just touching the edge of the Ashlands Valley, he led hounds to Noseley. But now they were fairly close to him; he could not shake them off nor find substitute, and he was killed at Hardwicks. This was the hunt of the day. The second fox from Sheepthorns was bothered and headed, and at last went to ground near the village of Tur Langton. But the terriers bolted him, and he too was killed. Then hounds trotted off to Caudwell, but by this time those who had but one horse had had enough.

The best run of the week fell to the lot of the Woodland Pytchley. The Duke of Buccleuch's fine coverts show the perfection of woodland hunting; they are intersected by well-kept rides, and by paying strict attention to the business in hand, which, indeed, is always necessary if you would enjoy woodland hunting, it is possible to follow every turn by ear and eye, the former sense being quite as important as the latter, in order to be in touch with the fortunes of the chase in strong coverts. It is never very difficult to lose hounds in a wood, and on Thursday it was particularly easy to do so. There was a scent, and Mr. Cazenove's hounds drove along at a great pace with a stout fox. Old Head Wood was his starting point. Once outside you are in a region of strongly-fenced grass.



Sheaf, I. W.

A CAST.

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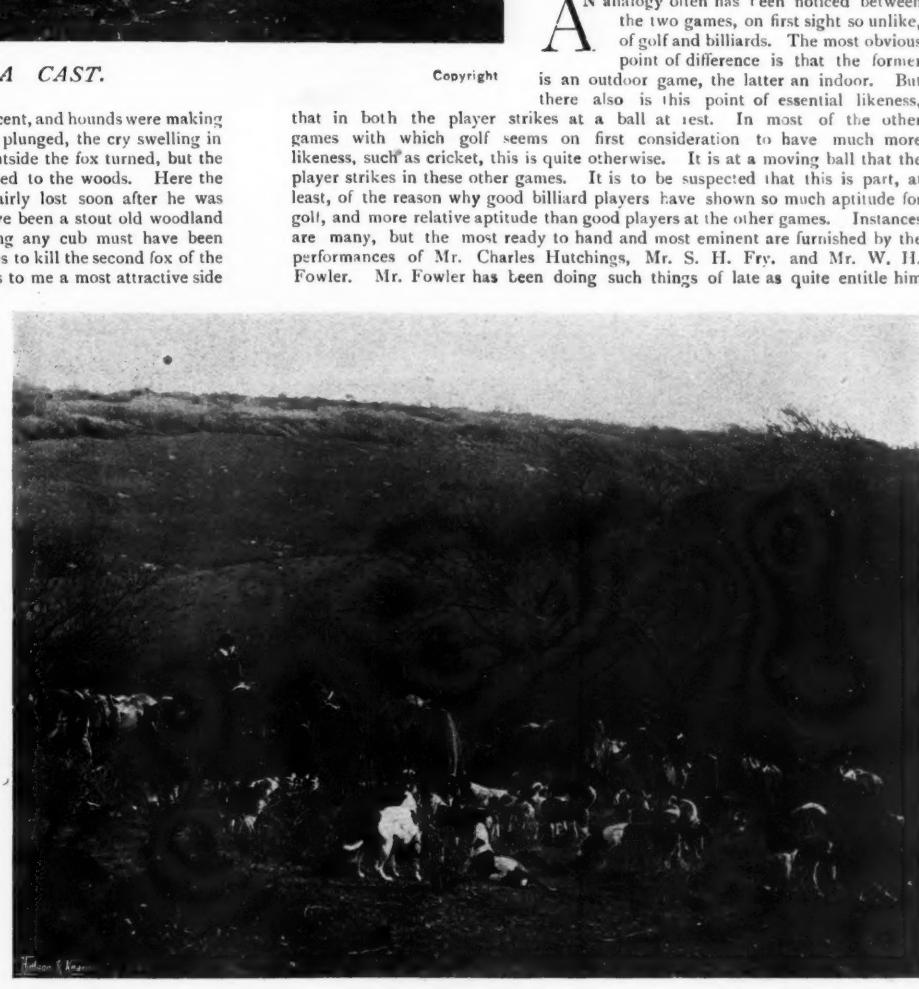
In covert or the open it mat'ered not. There was a scent, and hounds were making the very most of it. Into Geddington Chase they plunged, the cry swelling in volume as they pressed through the covert. Outside the fox turned, but the pack swung round with him, and back they hunted to the woods. Here the fox gradually gained an advantage, and he was fairly lost soon after he was driven once more into the open. This must have been a stout old woodland customer, for at the pace hounds drove him along any cub must have been beaten. Indeed, it took the pack but twenty minutes to kill the second fox of the day. Woodland hunting with a scent always seems to me a most attractive side of the sport. Every sense is kept at full strain, and a quick ear, a keen eye, and a light hand are needful, as well as a stout horse that can gallop. No doubt a hunt like this does tax the horse's powers more than galloping on the top of the ground over the sound turf of High Leicestershire.

It is, as a rule, a most fatal thing to leave hounds when they are within reach to go to a distant country, so I declined to be drawn away on Wednesday from the Pytchley, and we had to hear sundry gibes from the friend who did go by train to the Bicester overnight.

The Pytchley had no scent, only a crowd at the gateways, and the proceedings were cub-hunting pure and simple. I believe that they had not been to Lilbourne Gorse before. At all events, the cubs seemed to know little about hunting. It was a useful day's work, but a pony for once would have shown all there was to see. However, I extracted the confession that although in the Bicester there was a scent, yet the run of the day was unseen at all events by the visitor. Hounds divided, and part of the pack ran a five-mile point, as nearly as I can work it out, from Twyford to Gawcott, and not a soul was with them. This has already happened to the Quorn, the Cottesmore, and Mr. Fernie's during cub-hunting—a terrible waste of good things which we may come to regret later on. They had a capital scent all day, and Cox and his hounds worked well. It is no optimism to say that the prospects of this hunt are very good.

Sheaf, I. W.

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GONE TO GROUND.

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The Quorn finished up their cub-hunting on the Melton side with a meet at Barsby. After one or two ineffectual draws the Prince of Wales Gorse was tried. There were many people, but no crowd, and the fox was able to break as he pleased. He chose the pleasant line over two miles of the sweetest turf and practicable fences to Barkby Holt. In that famous covert he found safety in the numbers of his kind, for cubs were darting about in every direction. Hounds at last came out with a moderate scent and hunted a ring by South Croxton, and back again to ground. Terriers were handy, and the fox was bolted. Somehow, as the day went on, scent did not improve, and a fox with a long start from Ashby New Plantations gave hounds and huntsman a chance of showing their steadiness. It was a slow hunt, and the fox, always having the best of the pack, ran them fairly out of scent.

From the Belvoir I am sorry to hear of the death of Mr. Purdie of Barrowby. He had long been secretary of the Belvoir Hunt, and was the author of an amusing book called "Random Recollections of the Belvoir Hunt." A fine sportsman—with a real knowledge of hunting and a most genuine enthusiasm for the sport—he will be greatly missed in the Duke's country. Ayrshire, where Lord Eglinton keeps a pack of hounds which have been long in his family, is the grass county of Scotland. Like our shires, there is some trouble with wire, nor do I see how

that can be avoided in cattle-grazing districts. We must take our risks and pay our money for having the wire down, and we have to do both as a rule. Now Lord Eglinton is a popular Master, and hardly Leicestershire itself could have shown such a Master as appeared at Fullarton House, which is the Kirby Gate of Scotland. Not a few people were present who are not strangers in Leicestershire. As is often the case, there was nothing wonderful about the sport on the opening day. But there were plenty of foxes, and of these there can in reality hardly be too many, as Beckford has pointed out, so that everyone felt that the opening day had given all the promise that was hoped for, and more on these occasions we do not expect. The fulfilment comes later.

The Cottesmore for once have given me nothing to record, save that some of the covers in the Tuesday country have been rather disappointing. But at Tilton Wood, to be drawn on Tuesday, which, however, is still in the future, though it will be past before these lines are in print, foxes are plentiful, and with any luck we ought to have a gallop to write of next week.

X.

ON THE GREEN.

An analogy often has been noticed between the two games, on first sight so unlike, of golf and billiards. The most obvious point of difference is that the former is an outdoor game, the latter an indoor. But there also is this point of essential likeness, that in both the player strikes at a ball at rest. In most of the other games with which golf seems on first consideration to have much more likeness, such as cricket, this is quite otherwise. It is at a moving ball that the player strikes in these other games. It is to be suspected that this is part, at least, of the reason why good billiard players have shown so much aptitude for golf, and more relative aptitude than good players at the other games. Instances are many, but the most ready to hand and most eminent are furnished by the performances of Mr. Charles Hutchings, Mr. S. H. Fry, and Mr. W. H. Fowler. Mr. Fowler has been doing such things of late as quite entitle him



GONE TO GROUND.

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to be in the good company of the winner of the amateur championship and of the runner-up. He has been round the classic course at St. Andrews, not quite at medal length, in the remarkable score of 71. It is said that this has only once been equalled, by the ex-champion, Willie Auchterlonie. Of course these scores on the green not at its true length are never quite satisfactory, but still Mr. Fowler's 71 shows what a game he is playing. Then again at Muirfield, where he was only a stroke behind the winner, Mr. Maxwell, he would almost certainly have been in front but for an unfortunate hole in 7. Both Mr. Hutchings and Mr. Fly have improved their game very much indeed, in my own humble judgment—and probably also in their own, by no means so humble, opinion—by the use of the india-rubber-filled ball. I do not know whether Mr. Fowler has been using that ball in the rounds that he has lately played so astonishingly well; but I am disposed to think he has done so, and in that case we see the Haskell ball giving an advantage, above that given by it to the ordinary first-class player, to just those three of the good golfers (Captain Arthur Wolfe-Murray has been fighting, I believe, instead of golfing, lately) whom we should pick out as the best billiard players. This is rather interesting, and seems to show that the ball gives the greatest advantage to

those players whose delicacy of touch, as well as accuracy of eye, has made them so good on the board of green cloth. Less deft manipulators suffer a little from the Haskell's liveliness on the green which neutralises some of its advantages for the play of the long game.

All countries do not, like Great Britain, decide their championships in the spring. Laurence Auchterlonie, brother to Willie, already spoken of, who used to play here as an amateur, has recently won the championship in the States, where he has joined the professional ranks. The New Zealand championship (amateur, as I understand) has been won by Mr. Spencer Gollan, who has proved several times in this country that he has all the staying power which is so invaluable for fighting through a tournament.

The worst news about golf is that "Old Tom" is laid up with a rheumatic knee. It is a bad time of year to be beginning rheumatism, but if any hard good-wishing can make the knee well again, "Old Tom" may be very confident that he will have all the help that we can give him. Surely there must be a few Christian Science healers among the golfers who could do somethin' for him; and at the same time they might ensure him a peaceful old age by healing him of all his original sinful disposition to miss short putts. HORACE HUTCHINSON.

CILL-ALAITHÉ : A MAYO GARDEN.

By LADY ONSLOW.

FAR away in the West, where din and turmoil and the smoky atmosphere inseparable from large trade centres and great cities are unknown, in a land of great spaces and big skies, with a climate of perpetual spring, as free from burning sunshine as from biting frosts, where the roar of traffic is unheard, but the Atlantic surf thunders along the shore, there has arisen within a few years a garden which is in many ways unique. I call it an enchanted garden, for only eight short years ago this valley amidst the green hills of Meelick was nothing more than a group of pleasant green fields, noted for their rich pasture even in this country of rich grass land. Luckily for the locality, which much needs more resident proprietors, it suited Miss Knox Gore to choose this site for her new home. She came, bringing with her the magical forces of energy, taste, and much practical knowledge, and behold! there arose in a miraculously short space of time a beauteous pleasure, possessing not only the fine herbaceous plants which one expects to grow quickly to their full stature in congenial surroundings, but those adjuncts which are usually associated with old established gardens, such as pleached alleys between shorn hedges, and velvet turf looking as if it might have been mown and rolled for centuries, so close and fine is the texture.



Miss Knox Gore.

THE HOUSE AND GARDEN.

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When Miss Knox Gore started the undertaking she had in her favour a mild climate, magnificent soil 2ft. or 3ft. in depth, and the shelter of a fine old avenue of ash trees. Counter-balancing these advantages were the boisterous winds from the sea, to which the garden was much exposed, the absence of

anything to begin upon, such as the nucleus of a former garden to add to, and the extra labour necessary to work in such heavy soil, which becomes a quagmire when carted over in wet weather. To achieve shelter as quickly as possible, as well as to carry out her ideal of a garden, Miss Knox Gore planted all round a double beech hedge, enclosing a space of one acre, which within this boundary is further intersected by hedges of that most beautiful of all materials for these living walls—*Thuja Lobbi*.

Miss Knox Gore tells how at first when winter storms from the Atlantic descended on her garden oasis, *thujas* turned red and shrivelled, trees were blown down, and she almost despaired of growing anything but the hardiest of seaside plants. However, courage and perseverance will work wonders. Sheltering plantations sprang up, the sturdy beech drew vigour from the strong soil and grew apace, and now you may saunter along garden walks unbuffeted by the rough winds prevailing outside, or bask in warmth and shelter under evergreen hedges which have the appearance of a most respectable antiquity. So many green alleys and hedge-encircled bowers make one wish to be a child again in a place which



Miss Knox Gore.

THUJA HEDGES.

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Miss Knox Gore. A HEDGEROW OF ASH. Copyright

the smallest amount of juvenile imagination could "make believe" to be a mediæval castle, king's palace, or ancient city of romance.

Flourishing within these precincts are many sub-tropical and half-hardy plants, such as magnolias, aralias, cordylines, hydrangeas, fuchsias, and myrtles, which recall to the mind gardens by the warmer southern shores of Europe. Indeed, while looking first at the abundant wealth of splendid roses or velvet sward shaded by the ancient trees of the Bishop's Walk—where in days long past Irish bishops of Killala took their reverend exercise—then at the commodious house clothed with ivy, honeysuckle, crimson rambler, and ampelopsis, it is hard to realise that all, except the avenue of ash trees, came into being well within a decade.

No one unacquainted with this favoured corner of His Majesty's dominions could believe the rapidity with which trees and all kinds of vegetation grow in this moist atmosphere of the Gulf Stream. *Pinus insignis* makes shoots of 3ft. in length in one season, and larch attains a height of 15ft. in three years. Herbaceous plants, such as delphiniums, phloxes, and campanulas, grow out of the recognition of those who have only seen them in ordinary English gardens. Fuchsias like little trees and tea roses of surprising dimensions rival those to be seen in the South of France.

Killala itself is by no means an uninteresting village, and possesses one of the best harbours on this west coast. Here, too, stands one of the mysterious round towers of Ireland, an abiding relic of its builders, were they fire-worshippers, Druids, or votaries of Baal, though all remembrance of them and their history is long ago lost in oblivion.

Killala was the scene of the French invasion of which the centenary was celebrated with much enthusiasm by Irish Nationalists in 1898. There were bishops of Killala who lived and flourished here many a long day, dispensing episcopal benevolence and episcopal hospitality of the good old Irish style. One bishop's lady wrote more than a hundred years ago from Killala to her relations in England the most charming, chatty letters, describing her life in this remote "city"—how all the clergy used to come to visit and be entertained for days at the palace, giving their hostess plenty of interest and occupation. These letters were published in the local newspaper at the time when the centenary of the French landing drew attention to Killala. The old house still stands—but as the district workhouse! From palace to pauper! What an example of the vicissitudes of human history!

Bishops are gone, and Killala no longer claims the rank of

city, but nothing has altered the beauty of her green and fertile hills and pastures, the grandeur of the rocky cliffs close by, nor the health-giving ocean air—all of which, if better known, would certainly attract more visitors to these western shores.

WILD COUNTRY LIFE.

THE IVY'S DAY-GUESTS.

DURING the many sunny mornings of late October the ivy blossoming upon any low wall was worth going to see. If only wasps and flies and bees were swarming there, it still recalled the heyday of life in summer, when the lime trees roared with honey-lées and the air flickered and shimmered with insect life. But it was seldom that buzzing, stinging, crawling things were the ivy's only guests. The Red Admiral butterfly, its broad black wings star-cornered with white and slashed with scarlet, or the peacock spreading its four wondrous eye-spots on a field of deep ruby damask to the sun, were gorgeous joys to look upon, when one knew that it needed only a twist of the wind in a stone-grey sky to bring winter upon us and a long goodbye to butterfly life of every kind.

AN AUTOCRAT BUTTERFLY.

One's usual notion of a butterfly is of some flimsy, defenceless creature, beautiful to look upon, but so fragile as to be ruined by a clumsy touch. Watching the peacocks and Red Admirals, however, upon the ivy blossom, you quickly perceive that they know their way about in the world and can take uncommonly good care of themselves in the scramble for the sweets of life. Indeed, but for the beauty of the butterflies, one might be inclined to sympathise with the bluebottles and wasps. These are now falling upon hard times, and, although there is feverish impatience in their scrambling, scuffling flight from one head of blossom to another, they lack the vigour and directness of dash which mark their movements in summer. They are weak and staggy, because they are partly numbed and partly starved; and when a Red Admiral marches



CILL-ALAITHE: "JO" AND HER PET CHOUGH.

among them, opening and shutting his broad wings as if by clockwork, the wasps and bluebottles are buffeted aside, and my lord the butterfly has his selected blossoms to himself.

THE HORNETS' MESSMATES.

Nor is it only when the wasps are feeble in late autumn that the Red Admiral can hold his own against them. In September, if you look at the tree trunks where goat-moth caterpillars, feeding inside, cause rank-smelling moisture to exude, staining the bark with a dark slime, which appeals as strongly to the tastes of many insects as sugar or honey, you may see the Red Admiral boldly feeding and now and then parading about even among a crowd of terrible hornets. The first Camberwell Beauty that I caught, thirty years ago (when this grand "British" butterfly was rarer even than it is reputed to be now), was thus engaged when, with a boyish spasm of delight, I recognised the wide damask wings with milk-white border round the hedges, hitherto seen only in pictures, of the "almost unattainable."

CATCHING A CAMBERWELL BEAUTY.

The next few minutes were perhaps the most exciting in my life. The anxious watch under the tree while a friend ran a quarter of a mile to fetch a butterfly net, for, as usually happens, the prize had been discovered at the wrong

moment—when, in fact, I was on my way to school; the agony of mind when, before the net arrived, the butterfly left the tree and skimmed lightly over a green fence into a private garden; the scramble over the fence; the hurried scrutiny of the garden, and the fresh joy of seeing the "beauty," with expanded wings, sunning itself upon an ivied wall. Mixed fears of prosecution for trespass and hopes that the net would arrive in time were cut short by the sudden flight of the butterfly. It whizzed close past me, and, though the folly of alarming it flashed through my mind, I grabbed wildly at it with my left hand. But folly sometimes hits the mark that wisdom cannot reach, and boys' hands in cricket days are quick. To my amazed delight the Camberwell Beauty was as neatly wedged with folded wings in the crease between palm and fingers as if I had placed it there for safety. Intoxicated with the delight of possessing an absolutely perfect, fresh, and remarkably fine specimen of a rarity which no collector had taken for some years previously—though several others were taken in the same year—I walked home on air and disposed of it safely, before thinking of school. Even now I can recollect how, with the air of a conqueror rather than a culprit, I explained my appearance in class half-an-hour late, saying in a voice loud enough for all the boys to hear that I had "stayed to catch a Camberwell Beauty." Whether punishment followed, I cannot remember. That, in such circumstances, was immaterial.

BRITISH AND FOREIGN.

I have said that the British Camberwell Beauty has a milk-white border round its wings; and in those days it was well known that this feature, as well as its superior size, distinguished the British Camberwell Beauty from the variety which is common on the Continent with a rich cream-coloured margin to the wings. Now, however, it is the fashion of entomologists to deny that such differences exist, and to say that specimens caught in England with white margins are only old and faded migrants, blown over from the Continent. Indeed, the butterfly itself is not described as an indigenous species, but as an "occasional migrant." That may be so now, but, if so, it only means that the British Camberwell Beauty is extinct, because I am quite certain that both of the specimens which I took in the seventies had just emerged from the chrysalis, and that both of them could have been distinguished at several yards' distance from the foreign butterfly by their milky-white borders. They were also larger than the foreign Camberwell Beauty. Indeed, the butterfly deserved to be constituted a distinct British variety, if not a species, like the Large Copper, which differed scarcely more from its foreign congeners. That this old, large, white-bordered British Camberwell Beauty may be now as extinct as the Large Copper, and that the only specimens now taken are foreign migrants or the outcome of imported eggs or caterpillars, is quite possible; but that this splendid butterfly was formerly indigenous in the West of England, and never had the yellowish border of the foreign variety, I am quite certain.

IVY BLOOM AT NIGHT.

To return, however—a few hours later—to our ivy blossom, you may, if the evening is mild and muggy, see a sight almost more interesting—much more interesting to the insect collector—than the jostling crowd of wasps, flies, and butterflies by day. For then every head of blossom almost has one or more furry guests, moths whose eyes gleam like opals in the light of your lantern, while their long thread-like tongues go quivering in and out of the little yellow-green honeycombs. Moths are peaceful and lady-like as a rule, but sometimes you will see that they, too, know how to fight. One will suddenly take offence at another's presence, whether because their tongues happen to cross in dipping into the flowers, or because their legs touch, or merely because it wants all of the flower-head to itself, you cannot clearly see; but it will suddenly run at the other like a fighting ram, and, with what looks like a vigorous butt of the head, knock it clean off the flower.

UNCERTAINTIES OF SPORT.

The most curious feature about the presence of moths at ivy, as at other flowers, or the treacle mixture which collectors smear upon tree trunks, is its uncertainty. One night there will be none at all, the next night a sprinkled few, and another night swarming hundreds. A single "sugared" tree produced, on six successive nights, no moths at all on three occasions, one moth on each of two others, while on one the first glint of the lantern revealed forty-three moths crowded together to feast, and on each subsequent visit during that evening there were many new arrivals. Exactly the same uncertainty attends the capture of moths with a light; on one night they will come in swarms, and on another not a moth seems stirring. Many unfavourable weather signs the insect collector can read easily; but there seem to be other subtle influences to which neither human senses, nor the barometer or thermometer, give any satisfactory clue. Fish, which feed upon insects, appear to feel exactly the same influence; for, although angling and entomology are both as uncertain in results as cricket, I think it invariably follows that a "good" evening for fishing is good for moth collecting too.

E. K. R.

DOUGLAS, TENDER AND TRUE

I MENTIONED a particularly beautiful collie dog in writing of "Betsy the Hen." (By the by, as to the hen I forgot to note that the Devonshire cook invariably called her he, and that one morning we heard her reproaching the hen in these words: "You naughty bye, why don't ye lay?") Douglas came to us from a charity bazaar, where he was sold by a most delightful North Country clergyman, a skilled breeder of collies. This divine told me his pedigree, which was quite perfect, and called my attention to the slight defect in one eye, which was the reason why the price put upon him was, for a dog of such descent, absurdly small. He also told me honestly that he did not know what might come to the eye. The sight was perfect, and I cannot now remember in exactly what way at that early age—he was little more than a lump of fur—it looked queer. This excellent clergyman furthermore gave me a most valuable lesson as to how to train a puppy to come when called. Then he went back to his beloved North, and Douglas

took possession of the house. Even at that tender age he was not only beautiful, with the temper of an angel, but also there was an indescribable charm about him, which later on, as will be seen, brought what one might have thought the most unlikely people under the magic of his influence.

As I was out at my work all day, Douglas's early education devolved entirely on his mistress. She must sometimes have found him a trial, as indeed is usual with puppies, many of whom show, as he did, a strange desire to get hold of and to maul boots and shoes. However, nothing could have been better than the final result of his early bringing up. When he had passed the boot and shoe stage I many a time and oft wished that I were a painter or a draughtsman in order to reproduce a scene which constantly took place. He was, for a puppy, just about as old as the other master of the house then was for a child. The two used to play about together on the little lawn until they were exhausted, and then lie down and go to sleep, each with his arms round the other's neck. As Douglas waxed in years, so did his many virtues become more apparent, and let me hasten to say lest he should be taken for "a good boy" or a prig, that never have I known a dog with a keener sense of humour. Doubtless it was this, allied with a temper which nothing on the part of his human friends could ruffle, that enabled him not only to endure with equanimity, but actually to enjoy, the singular sport of being rolled downstairs inside a clothes basket—strange form of tobogganning—by two schoolboys who were in the house and were intimate friends of his. Often indeed have I seen him laugh contentedly as he came out of the basket at the bottom of the stairs. But at all times he dearly loved a game of any kind. Once after his two friends had gone back to school, and at a time when all the household was busy, he found himself thrown on his own resources. It was an off day with me, and therefore I was writing at a table which was so placed that I could overlook the lawn. I happened to look up, and noticed Douglas running about. There was nothing odd in this; but there was, as I saw in a flash, something peculiar in his movements. Therefore I laid down my pen and watched, whereby I soon perceived that, feeling bored, and being alone, he had invented a game to amuse himself. The little lawn was enclosed by three walls, and Douglas's game consisted of this: he started from one of the side walls, ran at top speed to the other, touched it (this was obviously the point of the game) with his right fore paw, turned round, rushed back to the starting-point, touched that wall with his right fore paw, and then went on repeating the double process until he was quite tired. He was, of course, entirely unconscious that he was observed.

It was after we moved from Chelsea to Campden Hill, Kensington, that he became, as I imagine, "Ganem, the slave of love." Anyhow he took to constantly disappearing. I should have been the less anxious about these disappearances but for one singular fact. In spite of brilliancy of mind and a decided gift of memory in other ways, he never could find his way home. I suppose he had no "nose." But then arises the question to which I have never been able to find an answer. As he could not find his way home, how did he find it to whatever place was the object of his journey away from home? That he had a definite object I can hardly doubt. Be that as it may, he used to get lost in High Street, Kensington, whence a walk of a quarter of a mile straight up hill would have brought him safely to his own door. One result of these vagaries was that he became well known to the police, who, like everybody else, grew to be extremely fond of him; and many a time did he turn up after one of his absences (and after a night before the station fire) in the care of a friendly policeman. Indeed, so often did this happen that on one occasion a policeman, having to leave a circular at the house, opened conversation with my wife by saying, "It's not the dog *this* time, ma'am." He on his side became so attached to the police, and so sure of their power to get him out of his scrapes, that finally—this I heard at the police-station—when lost he would wait till he saw a policeman, and then go up to him and give himself in charge.

He was only once away long enough to cause us serious anxiety. On that occasion I advertised, though neither the police nor myself had much faith in its leading to the beloved dog being found. However, in a day or two I had a letter from a clerk living in what Besant called Clerkland to say that the dog was in his house. How Douglas had managed to stray there I don't know, but as to my only hearing of it in answer to an advertisement promising a reward, it is to be noted that he had a collar with my name and address written very plain. But that is not all. The clerk in his letter actually said that unless I sent for Douglas by a particular date he proposed to keep him "as he had got very fond of the dog." I wrote back, explaining a few rudiments of the law, and hard upon the letter I despatched to the address given my clerk and factotum, Wilson, a marvellous and invaluable person who had "had losses," not by his own fault, and who had the look, gait, and speech of a retired colonel, full of wit and humour. It was a longish journey, but in due course he returned, bringing the dog with him. W. H. POLLOCK.

CORRESPONDENCE.

BUILDING BYE-LAWS IN RURAL DISTRICTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—After reading Mr. Till's letter and your article upon it in your last issue, I would ask whether the time has not come when an united effort should be made to rescue rural England from the tyranny of quite unsuitable building bye-laws. Probably if everyone who had had experience of this tyranny had fought as Mr. Till has done to expose it, these bye-laws would by now have disappeared; but few people have the courage or time (and many not the money) to engage in a very uncertain contest. As you say, there is no doubt that the Local Government Board is sympathetic in the matter, but it can never make any serious move until an influential body of opinion has been brought to bear upon it. It could easily be shown that a great part of the difficulty in properly housing the poor is caused by the old and out-of-date Model Bye-laws (for cheap and good building is impossible under them) with which so many District Councils have bound themselves, how such bye-laws actually prevent persons from building better than the bye-laws themselves permit, how they do not stop jerry-building in the districts where they are in force, how they stand in the way of invention, and of the use of new and cheap building materials, and so on. I write, therefore, to suggest the formation of an association by those who agree with the views which have been so ably and forcibly expressed by you since you took up the subject about one and a-half years ago. The good work which such an association might do would be immense. One individual standing alone can do little, but a body of individuals can do much to bring about a better state of things. If my suggestion is favourably received, it would not be difficult to get together a meeting of those who respond to it. At this meeting a definite course of action could be decided upon, and then an appeal could be made for further support, which I venture to think would not be long in forthcoming. I hope my proposal will meet with your support.—W. CHANCE, Orchards, Godalming.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to your leading article on the subject of wooden houses in the Dartford district, it may interest you to know that the Chertsey Local Authorities have just refused to allow me to put up for my gardener a wooden one-storied bungalow with an iron roof and containing four rooms. The design was furnished by a firm of builders who make a study of this class of work, and the building would have been completely detached and standing in my garden. The Local Authorities adopted the plan, but insisted on walls of gin, brickwork and a tiled roof. As I was pressed for time, I built in accordance with their requirements, but my solicitor informs me that they exceeded their powers in compelling me to alter materials which are allowed in the neighbouring districts.—GEORGE EDEN, Long Cross, Surrey.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—This photograph, as I need hardly inform you, was taken on the sea coast of Bohemia. There isn't any sea visible, but that is neither here nor there. In that land the human wanderer is like the snail, and carries his house on his back, or drags it behind him in an old perambulator. You may say this is not quite literal, for the tiny mite of a girl has enlisted the services of a harmless donkey, but still the aptness of the simile is not destroyed. Thoreau says the most independent man is he who can carry all his belongings on his back, and a still greater authority has it that who so increaseth riches increaseth care. So there should not be much care shown by this party. Yet the faces are keen, like the faces of small people who have begun life by having to fight for their living, keen and yet honest. Altogether they seem to say the sea coast of Bohemia, that shadowy kingdom, is not such a bad place to live in after all.—Y.

"SANCTA SIMPLICITAS."

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I enclose you herewith a photograph that seems to me to show how much it is possible to make out of very cheap and simple materials.



Here is a genuine cottage, with as plain a wooden door as is conceivable. The roof is of ordinary thatch, and the window is in itself neither old nor particularly beautiful. Yet the reader will observe that a touch here and a touch there, a deft human hand and an active human brain, have transformed what in ruder hands would have soon become positively forbidding into a pleasing and elegant picture. The place looks now as though it were inviting one to live in it, and personally I have seldom come across a more charming cottage.—G. A.

CIDER.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I have read with interest the article in the last issue of COUNTRY LIFE entitled "Normandy Apple Harvest," and can corroborate the writer as to the clearness of complexion of the inhabitants of the cider and Perry producing districts with which I am most familiar—namely, the county of Hereford, and parts of the counties of Gloucester and Worcester. He suggests that this effect may be due to the wholesomeness of our native beverages, which still constitute the staple drinks of the inhabitants of these parts. He might, I think, indulge his fancy still further. "Fine is the eye," says the old couplet, "twixt Severn and Wye," a feminine charm which has often attracted the attention and excited the admiration of visitors to the region bordered by these streams. Longevity, too, was a characteristic of cider-producing districts when cider was the chief, if not the only, liquor consumed within them, as was the case in the seventeenth century. The Rev. Martin Johnson, vicar of Dilwyn, a parish in Herefordshire, from 1651 to 1698, in a dissertation on the health-giving properties of cider, wrote as follows: "This parish, wherein cider is plentifull, hath, and doth afford many people, that have, and do enjoy this blessing of long life; neither are the aged here bedridden or decrepit as elsewhere, but for the most part lively and vigorous; next to God, we ascribe it to our flourishing orchards, which are not only the ornament but pride of our country, and that in a double respect, first that the bloomed trees in spring do not only sweeten but purify

the ambient air, as Mr. Beal observes in 'Herefordshire Orchards,' p. 8; next, that they yield us plenty of rich and winy liquors, which long experience hath taught do conduce very much to the constant health and long lives of our inhabitants, the cottagers as well as the wealthier using for the most part little other liquors in their families than restorative cider. Their ordinary course among their servants is to breakfast and sup with toast and cider through the whole Lent, and the same diet in the neighbourhood continues on fasting days all the year after; which heightens their appetites and creates in them durable strength to labour. Cider is their physick and our vessels their apothecaries' shops." The same reverend gentleman, after giving a list of centenarians—the oldest 114 years of age—who were or had been residents in the neighbourhood, burst forth into a poetical "Encomium on Cider," ending with the lines—

"Death slowly shall life's citadel invade;

A draught of this bedulls his scythe and spade."

The editors of that valuable work, "The Herefordshire Pomona," from which I have made the above extract, comment on it as follows: "The fact of longevity being characteristic of the county, is also happily borne out in these days by evidence that may perhaps be still more satisfying to some people—the returns of the Registrar-General make Herefordshire one of the four longest lived counties."—C. W. RADCLIFFE COOKE, Hellens, Herefordshire.

MOTH.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—At what time of year ought goods in warehouse to be examined against injury by moth? Is it the caterpillar only that does damage, or does the moth itself also eat holes in woollen, etc., clothes? If the former only, during what part of the year do they hatch out?—A. J. C., Tunbridge Wells.

[There is no time of year at which woollen goods, furs, feathers, etc., may not be usefully examined, if it has not been done recently; because, although the caterpillar alone does damage, the moth lays the eggs, and between them

they are active throughout the year. The commonest kind among cloth, feathers, hair, etc., is a little brownish-grey moth (*Tinea pellionella*), which has two broods in the year, the moth flying in June and July and again in September and October, while one brood of caterpillars feeds from March to May, and the other in July and August. Another slightly larger moth, which is black and white in appearance (*Tinea tapetzella*), destroys furs and woollen stuffs. It has only one brood in the year, the moths flying in June and July, and the caterpillars



feeding from September to the following March. A third kind (T. Misella) chiefly attacks dried skins, dried plants, etc., and has three broods in the year, the moth flying in June, August, and November, and the caterpillars feeding during the intervening months. Thus it will be seen that there is no month in the year in which damage may not begin; and goods should therefore be periodically examined, especially in autumn, spring, and midsummer.—ED.]

SUNDIALS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In your issue of September 27th you say: "It is not a little curious that for all the good and really artistic designs in the sundial and its column we have to go back to the old patterns." Yet you say again: "Surely all the good lines, and all the harmonies in line, have not yet been exhausted." In justification of this latter remark, I send you a picture of a sundial designed by an American young lady, an art student in Paris, which is now in my grounds,



A SCOTTISH SUNDIAL.

Castle. It was made by Sir Thomas Ecott, and dated 1622. The Cantray sundial gives the time for the following places, the names being cut in the stone in the different niches and recesses: Troy, Azaga, Syracuse, Smyrna, Naples, Pekin, Jerusa'lem, Bengal, Goa, Paris, and Cairo. It is dated 1781, and probably a copy of the one at Cromarty.—W. B. M., Inverness-shire, N.B.

THE FOOD OF FOXES.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—With the views of "S. R. H." on the food of foxes I quite agree. Moreover, I think he is right to put rats first on his list of food. Tom Furr, the late huntsman of the Quorn, always said that these were a fox's favourite food. Some years ago I took a lease of a small place and found that I was overrun with rats. My neighbours complained, too, and so did the gamekeeper. I very soon found that my predecessor had not favoured foxes, and it was one of my first duties to raise some. This was done, and the rats began to decrease. Not only does the fox like them, but he seems able to circumvent them, which, as the rats are also intelligent, seems to point to the superior cunning of the fox. In the same way, round the farm where I live now, there are few rats and a great many foxes. It is also quite true that the fox is a lazy animal; therefore he should not be fed near his earth, or indeed anywhere, on any food he has not killed for himself. Foxes that do not kill their own food do not and cannot give sport. They know no country. Why should they, since they have no need to make these long night rambles which would otherwise be necessary? Nor are they in condition to run before hounds. The fox's superiority, when in good health and mature, to the best pack of hounds is based partly on the fact that he is dependent on his own exertions for his living. Therefore if foxes are wanted for hunting they must not be fed at all. The

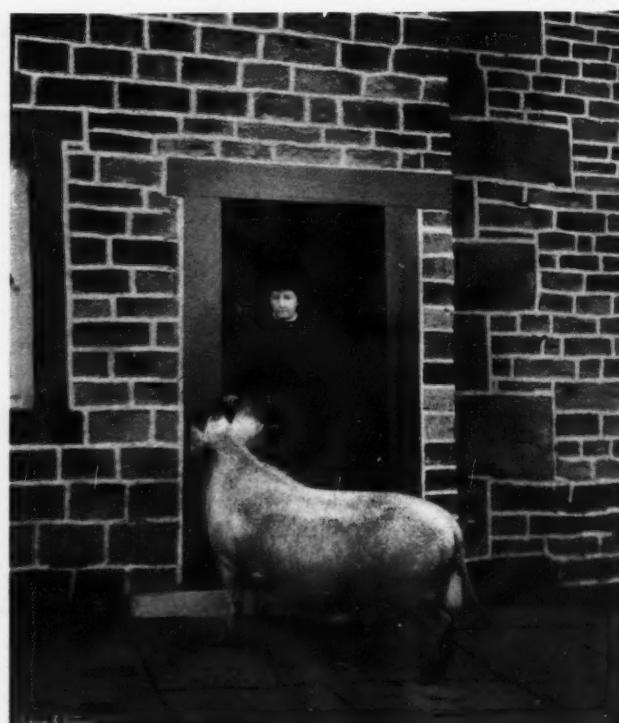
one exception is in the case of turned down foxes, and even then they should be left to their own devices as soon as possible. One more thing in "S. R. H.'s" letter interested me. I should very much like to know if he has ever tried the Verminfuge he advocates, and if it was successful. I do not doubt what he says, but having had to do with hounds and terriers all my life, it is new to me, and if really effectual would be most valuable.

—BEAGLE.

THE "OLD WOMAN."

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—The "Old woman" was not always so called; indeed, once upon a time, like all other old women—or, for the matter of that, old men too—she began life as a mere babe, and a pitiable, helpless babe at that, for she was motherless from birth, and would have had but an ephemeral existence but for the kind heart of the lady who now fondly calls her "Old woman." At this time she had two tiny sisters, motherless like herself, who came in for an equal share of the pity that was vouchsafed to her, and the three little animated dots kicked about, squeaked, and squealed in the lady's kitchen as only new-born specimens of animated nature can kick, and squeak, and squeal, on the slightest provocation. As they were without mother, it was quite evident they would have to be fed by proxy, and the sympathy which prompted the lady to bring up the little things on her own warm hearth rapidly suggested a way of administering to their wants. An invalid's medicine bottle was found, and a teat from a baby's feeding-bottle slipped on the spout, and then with infinite care and patience the youngsters were taught to suck milk, tumbling to the teat, enjoying it, and crying for it at frequent intermittent intervals during the day and night, as only babies can. Many a time and oft have the little things—fortunately not two at once, but sometimes one, sometimes the other—been out of sorts, or perchance out of temper, and as frequently the good-hearted lady who had adopted them nursed them on her knee, and rocked and soothed them, her reward being the charming sight of seeing the wee little mites grow bigger and bigger, until at length it was time to wean them from the slow feeding teat. Then the piggies (did I mention that I was talking about piggies?) were patiently taught to lap the milk like kittens from a large dish, and they grew and grew until two of them went to market. One grew so hugely that it tempted a bacon fancier, the other found a home elsewhere, but the favourite, now called the "Old woman," remained in the home of its adoption from the first and returned the affection bestowed upon it in its own original way. The "Old woman" follows her mistress into the house, or welcomes her when she appears at the door; will answer to her call, and come running up to her, fondly as would a dog, rubbing its snout against her and grunting a "Good morning; how are you?" in proper porcine language. Many a time and oft has the "Old woman" accompanied its mistress in her walks, for why should not a lady have a pet pig as well as a pet dog? The chances are—in fact, in this case it is certain—that the pig is the much more profitable companion, for up to the present time the "Old woman" has gratefully presented her kind-hearted mistress who has reared her from youth up with no fewer than sixty-five little pigs, every one of which has grown up and fetched a good price in the market. In fact, the "Old woman" up to now has brought in about £70—a pet worth having, truly! At the present moment eleven little pigs are in attendance on the "Old woman," and the young lady, instead of having the trouble of feeding them out of a baby's india-rubber teat, as the "Old woman" was herself fed in babyhood, has the pleasure of seeing all the eleven fed at once, in the manner ordained by Nature.—W. H. K., Great Harwood, Blackburn.



A MORNING CALL.



AN AMERICAN DESIGN.